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ONLY AN IDLE FANCY.

'Twas only an idle fancy,
They said, and they laughed, forsooth,
At the foolish and fond delusion,
The dream of a love-sick youth;
The sweetness of Summer idyls,
When all the world was in tune,
Declared but a fevered frenzy,
From which I'd recover soon!

We met, and the skies exulted:
We spoke, and our hearts stood still,
As if we were only actors,
That move at another's will;
And all through the Summer season,
With moonlight, flowers and song,
We threaded our lives together,
And wove our affection strong.

'Twas only an idle fancy,
That might linger the season through,
Only a young man's folly,
They said—but they spoke not true,
For time is the test of honor,
Though youth is fickle and gay,
And the sweetheart I won that Summer
Is the joy of my life to day!

HUNTED DOWN;

—OR,—

The Purpose of a Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

JULIAN ROTHESAY gazed long on the drawing and shuddered as he laid it down, saying:

"It is a face more evil than I could have believed existed."

"It is," said Egerton. "And I want you, Julian, to paint it life size, in oils; introduce it in any manner you like. Such a portrait as shall make your name famous."

"But, Angelo, what a strange idea!" said Julian; "a portrait of ——"

"Hush!" said Egerton, "if I tell you, do not deem me a mere mystic, a dreamer, and laugh at me; for as I am a living man, Julian, I saw my mother on the blue waves as we crossed to Holland. Open your eyes if you will, and think my superstitious southern blood was running reddest in my veins; but it is true—true as Heaven itself, that as I stood leaning on the rail, looking out over the expanse of sea, I saw her form in the silver path the moonlight made, and that, as plainly as ever I heard it in life, I heard her voice, like some far off music. 'My son, let his portrait be where thousands of mortals may see it, that the living and the dead may be justified, and Heaven's truth made manifest.' Julian, you may think that some strange presentiment of mind made me fancy it all, as a dream or vision; but I believe from my soul that I saw and heard my spirit mother, superstitiously imaginative as you may deem it."

"I do not, Angelo; I do believe it; for 'with Heaven all things are possible,'" was the artist's answer, "and I will work ceaselessly till the portrait is done. But if Leonora was to go to Forest Moor, when she left school, how is it she went home?"

"It was no use my going," said the Spaniard "until Vivian was there; and when Margaret got home, she found him absent, and wrote to me that he would not be there till the 15th of August, this month; so she will get me invited to go on the 16th to have a long stay."

"Can you trust her?" asked Julian.

"She is true as gold," replied Leonora. "I should not have trusted her probably, if I had not found out her own hatred to them all. It is my guarantee."

"Leonora, Leonora," said Julian, gently, "that speech would have come better from Angelo's lips than yours."

Leonora turned aside with starting tears and trembling lips; and, gentle as his reproof was, true though it might be, Julian's heart smote him for uttering any reproach to one who loved him so well, and bending down, he pressed a soft kiss of peace on her brow that called back the smile to her lips.

"Does my mother know all this?" asked Julian, presently.

"Certainly," replied Angelo. "I saw her and told her. Here is one of her long letters," and so saying he laid it upon the table.

It was about an hour before they were to leave the following morning that as they were together Julian's Italian servant opened the door and announced "Le Signora Genevra della Scala."

Angelo Egerton was standing by the open window, and as the lady entered, he stepped through it on to the terrace.

Another of these narrow threads on which the weal or woe of a lifetime often hangs; if he had remained only a second longer, if he had only half turned his head, untold misery would have been spared a young and trusting being. But it was not to be—stern fate had written otherwise in the sibyline book of the future.

Leonora, who was sitting near Julian, saw the young Italian lady—a beautiful young girl of some eighteen summers, with a soft Madonna like face, large sentimental Southern eyes, an arch mouth, and that rich red golden face of the Virgin; indeed, this fair girl looked not unlike "some Madonna of pure Italian art."

Julian, who had totally forgotten that it was one of her mornings, rose quickly, exclaiming:

"Oh! signora, a thousand pardons. If I had not culpably forgotten that this was a painting morning I would have sent to beg you not to trouble yourself to come to day; for I have some old friends who leave me today and whom I had not seen for a long time."

"Old friends! most ungallant signore," said Genevra, glancing at Leonora with a smile. "Well, then Lucetta and I must go."

"Signora, may I trust to your kindness to pardon me?" said Julian.

"Readily, signore," she replied, and the fair Genevra extended her hand, which Julian raised to his lips, and then gracefully bowed her out.

It was long, very long before the Spanish girl and the Italian maiden met again; and then how differently was it—how differently was it—how very, very differently.

CHAPTER XII.

TOM COURTENAY knew everything and everybody; and everything and everybody knew Tom Courtenay. He could tell you who were the men most listened to in the House, and what place everyone was member for, almost as well as our ministerial friend himself, who had been fifteen years in Parliament, and knew everything by heart. He could tell you who were the heavy speakers, who were the brilliant ones, who the jaunty ones such as a certain noble lord who makes the House laugh, and gets what he asks.

Yes, Tom, from the "Strangers' Gallery" would listen to a heavy debate with the gravity of a judge, and would remember everything as if he were a walking *Times*. He knew all the *on dits* and reports afloat; could tell you all the points of the winner of the Derby, and what dancer was the "favorite," whistle the popular opera airs, and was a first-rate judge of wine; could take a hand at whist, or point a billiard cue.

In fact, Tom Courtenay was invaluable, and no picnic or ball, or merry making, young or old, was properly complete without him; he was a sort of person whom everyone called "Tom Courtenay," and the young ladies only "Mistered" him to his face.

Tom and Marion were first cousins; William Courtenay the second cousin of both. The grandfather of the two first had two sons and a brother George, who was the father of William. The elder of the two sons was Marion's father, the younger was the progenitor of Tom. William went to the Bar, and now at forty five was a Queen's Counsellor in large practice; we have but little to do with him. The two brothers invested their few thousands in neck or nothing speculations; the elder, Richard, made a competency; the younger, Thomas, realized a fortune; the former died shortly after his daughter's first marriage; the latter some years before him and his cousin, and various things which had parted them, had made their paths in life diverge widely, and William only knew that in his early youth Tom had been rather wild, and had run through a considerable portion of his father's thousands; but he did not know or even suspect that, save for the helping hands of Julian D'Arcy and Angelo Egerton, Tom had been a lost man. Had Tom himself known what only Angelo, Leonora, and Marion knew, that Julian's kindness to him had been the means of blasting his own young life, even Tom's buoyant spirits must have failed him, and made him turn from the world, a remorseful, perhaps a broken-hearted man. But even as it was he learned a bitter lesson, made more bitter by the supposed death of Julian, and young Courtenay arose from his dream and bed of sickness a wiser and a better man.

It was one morning, about a month after we saw Egerton and Leonora in Florence, that Tom Courtenay walked into St. James' square, and, ascending the steps of Egerton's house, knocked at the door, and, when it was opened, he inquired in his brisk way:

"Is Sir Angelo at home? or has he, too, gone out of town?"

"He is still at home, Mr. Tom," replied the servant; and it may here be remarked that all Egerton's servants had been years with him, and knew Tom well enough, and distinguished him as "Mr. Tom," from his more important cousin the Mr. Courtenay, par excellence.

"Walk in, sir," and he added to Burns, who was crossing the hall, "where is Sir Angelo?"

"In the library," he replied. "Good morning, Mr. Tom; if you step upstairs, I will see if he is at liberty."

Burns preceded him upstairs, and knocked at a door.

"Come in," said Egerton's low deep voice.

Dismissing Burns with a nod, Tom opened the library door and walked in.

Angelo was sitting a table writing, while Leon lay beside him but the former threw down his pen to give his hand to Tom, and his contracted brow relaxed as he said:

"Glad to see you, Tom. I thought you were out of town a month ago."

"Town's quite empty," he replied, "and I've been meaning to go every day, but couldn't make up my mind where to go to. I've been everywhere, that's the truth."

"I'm an older man than you Tom; but I don't find I've been everywhere," said Egerton, with a quiet smile, "though I think I have seen more places than you have."

"You take a fellow up too hard, Egerton," said Tom. "Where are you going?"

"I do not at present intend to leave town," he replied.

Tom's keen eye noted the hand close more quickly on the papers, and he said:

"Ministerial business, I suppose. Well all of you can't be away; but I'm hanged, Egerton, if I'd make such a slave of myself, not even for Her Most Gracious Majesty. I never had any ambition."

"Well for you if you had, Tom," said Egerton.

"What!" exclaimed Tom, "to make me a slave and work like you do, and get deep lines on my forehead and gray hairs, as you have. Positively, Egerton, you have a few gray hairs, and more lines than you had eight or even six years ago. No, thank ye, Mr. Statesman, I'll have none of it."

Egerton drew a little back, so that the shadow of the drawn window curtain fell across him; but Tom did not notice the slight movement, for his eye had caught something else, and he sprang up, exclaiming:

"By Jove, the Mysteries of Udolpho in the town house of an honorable member. What the deuce have you got there, Egerton?"

He pointed to the upper end of the room, which a few days before had been a blank wall; it was now filled by an immense picture in an oak frame, but a heavy black velvet curtain completely veiled the painting itself, and this fact had elicted Tom's exclamation.

Egerton rose quickly, and there was a strange, stern look in his dark eyes as he hesitated a moment; then he raised his hand and drew back the heavy curtain suddenly.

A low exclamation escaped Courtenay's lips, and he stood gazing in breathless silence on the portrait revealed.

It was a life size figure that seemed half-man, half-devil. He stood on the edge of a cliff, mountains towering around and behind him in gloomy, sullen grandeur, black storm clouds rolled above, while, from a lowering mass of gloom a line of forked lightning seemed actually shooting, and cast a lurid light on the grandly terrible scene; it threw out the black figure in the foreground and cast a wild glare on its face, on which the whole wonderful art and talent of the painter had been concentrated—a face so breathing in its living likeness that it might have been indeed a human countenance for all its fearful look—a face never to be forgotten so passingly handsome so awful in dark, fiendish beauty, such a ruthless intensity of evil passions in the lurid black eyes, half upraised towards something above with a world of fierce defiance in them, and yet through all with a sort of agonized remorse in their depths that was at strange variance with the black fiendishness of the face and horrible sneer of the lips, as that upward glance glared on the mass of gloomy darkness amidst which, shadowy and indistinct, was visible a face and a hand holding forth a scroll—all else lost in gloom—looking as faces look in a dream, misty; but the strange, phantom-like eyes gazed down on him with a steady, avengeful watchfulness, and the finger pointed sternly to the one word that seemed bound on the scroll in letters of fire, "Tekel!" ("Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting."—Daniel v. 27.)

Such is the first part of the history of a portrait.

Long did Courtenay stand gazing on the wonderful work of art, entranced, fascinated as by a spell; but when at length with a deep drawn sigh, as if he was waking from a nightmare, he turned from it it was to see Angelo standing with folded arms, watching him intently.

"Your face has been a study," he said; and somehow his low thrilling voice fell strangely on Tom's ear.

"Egerton," said he, "I never in all my life saw so strange, so wonderful a picture. If I lived a thousand years I could never forget that awful face. What master hand portrayed it?—what human brain conceived it? Surely some German one?"

"None," said Egerton. "No human brain imagined the face."

"Egerton!" exclaimed Tom, "what do you mean?"

"Nothing, and everything," was the enigmatical and guarded reply. "Keep your own counsel as to what I have said, and as to having seen it at all."

"If you wish it," said Tom. "Who painted that masterpiece?"

"The same who took my portrait," answered Egerton, drawing the curtain again—"Julian Rothesay."

"That accounts for it," said Tom. "Have you noticed the eyes of the misty being who holds the scroll? They are Leonora's eyes to the life—just her queer, watchful look."

"Nothing strange in that," answered Egerton, carelessly, "seeing that he has seen her in Italy often enough."

"If it is not impertinent to ask, Egerton, what might you have given for this?"

"No impertinence, Tom," he replied. "I gave six hundred guineas for it."

"You are not going to hide it under a bushel," said Tom. "Why, it would make the fame of this Rothesay."

"It shall," said Egerton. "I intend to send it to the National Gallery. The trustees of it will be only too glad of such a loan for a few months. Then it goes to Falcon-tower Castle."

"Well," said Tom, rising to leave, "I called here to have a chat with you; but I little expected such a rare treat as I have had, and thank you and Rothesay for it."

Tom Courtenay took his departure, little imagining why Leonora de Caldara's face had been depicted in that of the dream-like avenging spirit; and still less imagined the terrible history connected, and yet more in the future, fated to be connected, with that portrait.

CHAPTER XIII.

IT must be remembered that we are now somewhat retracing our steps as to time, inasmuch as we find ourselves at Forest Moor on the 17th of August, Margaret Arundel had persuaded both Stephen Stanfeld and Eveline to invite her school friend, Jesnita de Castro (for that was the name the Castilian had assumed), to spend a long time with her.

Well had Margaret carried out the tale and plan given her by Leonora, and with a natural manner and self-possession few would have given her credit for. She told him that her friend was a Spaniard from Rio Janeiro, where her father, the Count de Castro lived, and that, for family reasons, she had been recently sent to England to complete her education, being placed under the care of a London solicitor, Mr. Seymour, who really existed, being Sir Angelo Egerton's solicitor, so that on the 17th of August it was Mr. Henry Seymour who took the young Spaniard 'from Rio' to Forest Moor station, and put her in the brougham which Mrs. Vivian had sent to meet her.

It was evening, and in the drawing room of Forest Moor Grange sat three people. By the window, seated in an arm chair doing nothing, was a man; sixty years had passed over his head but they had not softened his face, or given it the venerable beauty with which Time crowns the work of years; very handsome he had once been, aye, and still was, but he was a gloomy, down looking man, with cold, dreary eyes that had a snake like glitter now and then, which belied the outward apathy of his manner.

At some distance sat Margaret Arundel by a lady, whose age might have been two or three and twenty; but the face, though very pretty, looked worn and sad, and her whole manner and look told a tale of a cowed and intimidated being.

The two latter were employing their fingers in some light work, but all had sat silent for a long time, till Stephen Stanfeld, suddenly addressing his daughter, asked:

"Where is Arthur?"

She started, and answered hurriedly:

"I don't know papa, but I think——"

"You think," said he—"you ought to know. Has he gone in the brougham to meet Margaret's South American friend?"

Margaret had not the least fear of Stanfeld, and answered him with a quiet, pert impudence:

"No, he hasn't," she replied; "and I don't see how Eveline should know his movements better, than you do. He only said he would be in before nine."

Stanfeld raised his eyes and glanced at her a moment, but he made no answer, and turned aside, as if he disliked to look at her.

There was another long silence broken again by Stanfeld, and in the same abrupt manner.

"Margaret, does this girl speak only her own lingo?"

"She speaks French and Italian like a native, and English tolerably well, though with a foreign accent," said Margaret.

As she spoke the long expected brougham drove up to the door, and, springing up, Margaret ran down into the hall.

Stanfeld rose muttering:

"As I've allowed this foreigner to be invited, I must be civil, and not let her think we English inhospitable."

When Margaret entered with the stranger, Stanfeld received her with a courtesy neither the Castilian or her agent had expected, and introduced her himself to his daughter, Mrs. Vivian; for though he would not acknowledge it, the tall figure, stately carriage, and quiet self-possession of the Spaniard had rather 'taken him aback;' for he had expected a diffident awkward school girl of possession, and was in nowise prepared for the reality.

"What a very handsome girl," he remarked to his daughter, when Margaret had borne off her guest to take off her hat and mantle.

"Very," said Eveline, adding timidly, "but she has such a grand air about her."

"Haughty as a Don," said Stanfeld; "ring for tea child—we cannot wait for Arthur."

As she obeyed him, Margaret and Leonora re entered, and Stanfeld immediately offered the latter a chair near his own, saying with a smile:

"I suppose you find our summer rather different to Rio, Miss de Castro?"

"It is not so hot as our summers, senor, but it is very beautiful," replied Leonora; and Margaret, who knew how purely she really spoke English, was astonished at the admirable manner in which she threw such a strong accent into the softly uttered words.

"You have not been very long in England, I think," said Eveline.

"For four or five months," replied Leonora.

As she spoke there was a sharp, imperative knock at the hall door, which ran through the hall with a clang; then steps ascended the stairs, paused, and a voice said, "Arrived, has she—then give me a light!" And then the steps passed on.

A few moments more, and a young man of about eight or nine and twenty entered the room.

"My nephew, Arthur Vivian—Miss de Castro," said Stanfeld at once.

As she slightly returned his low inclination, she raised her dark eyes to his. She stood face to face with him, the assassin of Angelo's mother; and for one second her very life blood seemed to stand still. All the fierce, wild emotions of years' vengeance were crowded into that brief moment, and her heart turned sick and her brain dizzy; but Egerton's stern training stood her in good stead now, and the iron hand of self control held its own.

Yes, there he stood before her, the living breathing original of the portrait we have seen! The same exquisitely handsome features and dark fiendish beauty; the same ruthless lurid black eyes; with all their word of passion and evil; there was the same wicked sneer about the lips, and the same strange burnished, glittering hair, that looked as if the gorgeous light of a setting sun had shed its blaze of burning rays on it, and tinged each dark brown hair with burnished gold. But he could banish the sneer and wreathe his lips with a smile which showed fatal powers of fascination—at any rate to some—that was a fearful gift in such hands as his, and Leonora, seeing that, understood how Eveline had been infatuated.

That evening Arthur Vivian took his uncle's cue, and seemed determined to pay every attention to the guest. As soon as the tea tray was removed he asked her if she played or sang, and as Leonora's whole game was to please in every way, she answered, "Yes."

"At sight, Miss de Castro? Would you favor us?" he asked with a quick eagerness.

"I will do my best Mr. Vivian," she replied, rising with an air half careless, half ready, and opening the piano.

Vivian brought a music folio, and choosing a song, placed it before her. It was that beautiful song, "The Slave."

"I am very fond of this song," he said; "but neither my wife or Margaret can sing it properly, and with the German words."

"I know but very little of German, senor, then; only what I picked up in a tour through Germany," said Leonora.

"Indeed," said Vivian; "but you can still sing the rich German words."

She made no reply, save to strike the first chords of the prelude and commence the song, and as the wild mournful melody, so touching so expressive in its appealing, wailing melancholy met his ears, he drew back a little, and a softer shade stole over his face. He bent over her as the last soft cadences died away, and said:

"Thank you for that song; it is beautiful."

Something in his voice that seemed like the faint echo of something better; of a day when perhaps he had stood an innocent child at his mother's knee, made Leonora half turn and look up full in his face, her searching steady eyes gazing direct into his. Something there was, for one brief second, as if a better angel had in passing cast the shadow of its wings on his face. It passed, however, in halt a second, and then every line hardened again; and if for that moment her heart might have softened, the light touch of his hand—that hand red with the blood of Angelo's mother—steeled her whole soul to sternness. The voice of Stanfeld addressing her, made her look towards him.

"Will you sing this, Miss de Castro?" he asked.

"With pleasure, senor," she replied; "what is it?"

"A quaint, strange song of Kingsley's," he replied. "'Three fishers went sailing.' The music is Hullah's. I am not generally fond of music, but this music took even my fancy. Eveline bring it."

Mrs. Vivian rose, fetched the music, and placed it before Leonora, who, though she had never seen it before, sang it through correctly and unhesitatingly.

"I like that song very much," she said, rising as she concluded; "it has such a quaint beauty about it."

She moved to the table, sat down by Margaret, and began turning over a book of very choice prints. Arthur watched her a moment; and then, leaning over the back of her chair, said:

"Do you draw at all, Miss de Castro?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Margaret, eagerly; "beautifully."

"I take the answer from the lady herself," said Vivian quietly.

"I have learned drawing, and I am fond of it," replied Leonora, coldly.

"Have you any drawings with you?" he asked; "may I see them?"

"I have none with me," she replied. "Look at this, Mr. Vivian! you must come round; you cannot see it there."

He sat down by her.

It was Lady Macbeth, just when she, the murderess stands gazing on her blood stained hands.

Leonora's watchful glance saw Vivian start as he saw it, and a black look crossed his face as he pushed the book away, saying hastily:

"I don't like that picture."

"I do," said the Spaniard; "it is so life-like. You can picture—fancy the horror and terror of the murderess—as she sees the blood on her hands. I like the engraving."

"Curse that girl!" muttered Vivian, turning away, but not so low as to prevent Leonora's quick ear from catching the words; and when she and Margaret retired to their room that night she said:

"He won't like me now; but he shall fear me before long. To morrow I begin; and do not be surprised if I encourage the attention and courtesy he seemed inclined at present to show me."

CHAPTER XIV.

NOTHING but the fearful interests at stake could have upheld Leonora de Caldara in the path which now lay before her. None but such a nature as hers, nothing but such masculine strength of purpose and will could have gone through it at all; but in all and through all, the love she bore to Angelo sustained and upheld her like some magic talisman.

It was after breakfast the next morning that Arthur Vivian came up to her and said:

"Miss de Castro, I suppose you ride?"

"Yes," she replied, "and I should like very much to see the scenery about here."

"Would you?" said Arthur; "then come round with me to the stables and see which horse you will like to ride; and while they saddle the horses, I will show you the grounds?"

"If you like," said Leonora, in her usual quiet way, that showed neither pleasure nor dissent. "But call Margaret—or stay, I will do so, and put on my riding habit."

He bit his lip; but without seeming to notice it, the Castilian left the room.

Stanfeld, who was in the room, turned suddenly round, and said:

"Arthur, what are you up to in that quarter?"

Vivian met his gaze unmoved, and replied coolly:

"It is always wise to be civil and courteous to the wealthy. This beautiful Spaniard is an heiress, and in England friendless. Now do you see?"

"Yes," returned the other, curtly, "I do."

Meanwhile Leonora de Caldara made her way to Margaret, and told her where she was going, adding:

"Come with me, Margaret."

"I will, round the gardens, dear Leonora, she replied; "but I am no rider, and I'm afraid of the horses."

"Mrs. Vivian's pony," suggested Leonora.

"No, old Stanfeld don't take me taking it," said Margaret; "besides, it couldn't keep pace with you. But are you not afraid of going out alone with Vivian?"

"No," said Leonora; "why should I?"

"Oh, Leonora, be careful," said Margaret. "I tell you, if he has any suspicion, he will murder you."

"No," said the other quietly, "he may try, but he will not succeed. He will try as soon as he begins to fear me, but I am more than his match. He would not dare sudden poison, and I am too much on my guard for slow poisons to succeed."

"Leonora," said Margaret, "it is horrible to hear you coolly calculate your own chances of life and death."

"Is it?" said Leonora, and a sad smile flitted over her grave face. "I have seen death in too horrible a form to have much fear of it for itself."

"But, Leonora, are you forgetting how desperate any suspicion of the truth will make that devil incarnate; that he will as soon use a knife or pistol as poison."

"I have forgotten nothing, Margaret. I have calculated to a hair's breadth all the heavy chances against me, and the light ones for me. I know that my life may be in hourly peril; but whatever means he may try, I shall not come by my death till I have placed in Angelo's hands the means of bringing home to Vivian's head his deadly crime. Now I am ready. Come."

Margaret followed her to the hall, where Vivian was waiting for them. He led the way to the stables.

The coachman and groom were in the stable yard as they entered, and Vivian ordered them to lead out 'Cassy" and "Piers Gaveston" for the lady to see.

The men obeyed, and led out from their stalls two horses, a brown and a bay, both fine looking animals; but, as Leonora at once saw, skittish and "skeerish," if not vicious; for the instant she approached the bay one, Cassy, it laid back its delicate ears and tried to run back, an attempt the groom foiled.

"Come, Cass, no tricks," said Vivian; "hold her steady, Forde. Which will you ride, Miss de Castro?"

The groom started and exclaimed:

"Mr. Arthur, you ain't going to put that young lady on either o' these animals, surely. Look how skeery they are; and they——"

"Hold your tongue until you are asked to speak," said Vivian flushing with passion.

"Let him speak," said Leonora, almost imperiously; "finish your speech, Forde, if you please."

For one moment there was a perfectly fiendish glare in Arthur's eye, and he muttered inwardly:

"I'll give her a fright for this."

"I was only going to say, miss," Forde continued, "that such a little hand as your'n won't be able to hold in these ere hosses. Don't mount either of 'em, miss."

"Thank you for your care, my friend," said Leonora; "but I am used to riding a high spirited horse, and can, I don't doubt, hold in Cassy. Is she vicious?"

"No, miss, I don't think she ain't; but she's full o' tricks."

"Perhaps," said Vivian, with something like a sneer, "you had better not ride her at all."

"I should not be laughed into doing so, if I thought her really vicious," said the Castilian quietly; "but I think I will take her. Is she yours?"

"No, my uncle's," replied Vivian. "Saddle them, Forde, and bring them round."

Giving his arm to Leonora, he left the stable yard; but a sign from the groom made Margaret linger and remain.

"What is it, Forde?" she asked.

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Margaret, don't let the young lady go out alone with Mr. Arthur on Cass. Go and get your uncle to say he wants the horse, or that she mayn't go out—anything."

"It's no use, Forde," she replied. "You know of old it's of no use in any of us trying to outdo Mr. Vivian."

"Then speak to the young lady, miss," said Forde.

But Margaret knew that Leonora had a purpose even in this ride—she must know the country well, and she replied:

"She has said she will go and she will; and, indeed, Forde, it Cass isn't vicious, there's not much fear; my friend is a capital rider. Why are you so apprehensive?"

"Why, you see, Mr. Arthur's most sure to take her round by the river and over the railway bridge; and if a train comes up, Cassy's quite safe to start tricks,—rearing or bolting as she did with Mr. Roland Aubrey three years back, when she throwd him; and besides, you'll pardon me, miss, for what I'm going to say, but Mr. Arthur had an ugly look when the young lady told me to speak. I'm a' most sure, Miss Margaret, that he wants to get young miss out on that hoss."

"Forde, you frighten me for her," said Margaret. "Can't you mount the brougham horse, and go with them?"

"No use, miss; Mr. Arthur wouldn't hear on it."

"We can only hope no harm may happen. Thank you, Forde for your warning," and she left the yard to follow the other two, and to speak to Leonora, but she could not do so until they returned to the house; and then, while Vivian went to fetch his whip, Margaret hastily repeated what the groom had said.

"I can't help it now," said Leonora, unmoved; "if I refuse now, he will see it is him, not the horse, that I am afraid of; and listen, Margaret: if once I let him see I fear him, I lose the whole game; he is my master instead of me being his; at present I have the mastery and must keep it at all hazards. I shall go this ride, and take my chance of everything."

"For Heaven's sake, dear Leonora, take care of Cassy," said Margaret.

"Hush! here they come!" interrupted the Castilian; and as Forde led up the two horses Arthur appeared.

"Hold her tight, Forde," said Vivian.

"Take care Jesuita," said Margaret; "she'll run back the moment you mount."

Without speaking a word, Arthur Vivian took Leonora in his arms, swung her to the saddle, and in a moment had her foot in the stirrup, and the reins in her hand, before Cassy had time to know anything about it; but as Arthur mounted, and Forde let go her head, Madam Cassy backed some paces and reared a little. In a moment Vivian's hand was on the bridle; but Leonora's whip across the ears had already brought her down.

"Pardon me, senor," said the Spaniard, "if I ask you to leave me to manage her; if she gets beyond me, I will ask assistance from you."

He bowed, and the groom said admiringly to Margaret:

"Young miss knows how to ride, and I'm thinking after all, that Cass won't throw her; and I'm sure by the look of her, Miss Margaret, that Mr. Arthur won't succeed in frightening her. She'll be too much for him."

Margaret made no reply until the riders had passed the lodge at the gates.

"Why do you think he wants to frighten Miss de Castro, Forde?"

"'Cause, miss, he just gave her in the stable yard, one of his real devilish looks, just like a vicious horse gives you when he means to throw you. Miss Margaret, is that furrin missy going to stop here long?"

"I think so, Forde," she replied. "Why?"

"Then, miss, don't let her make an enemy of Mr. Arthur! He's got the very devil in him if ever man had."

"Forde," said Margaret, as she laid her hand on the groom's arm; "you have been here a long time. If anything happens, stand our friend. Let us be able to depend upon you."

"That you may, miss, every bit, bless your pretty face," replied the groom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BLUE EYES.

BY S. E. S.

I.

At noonday in the crowded street
I walked, with absent mind and far—
Unnoting aught, till suddenly
A face flashed by me like a star.
A moment seen—then swift the throng
Closed jealously about its prize,
And all the memory left to me
Was this—she had blue eyes.

II.

A woman's eyes? you say. Not so.
They were too shy—too full of spring;
And in their timid depths I saw
A girl soul's April blossoming.
I missed the face, but what of that?
I saw the face's dearer part;
And still, though lost to me, I keep
Their color in my heart.

III.

Her hand's touch and her voice's tone
Are things that I may never know—
Albeit I think the one is soft,
The other musical and low.
And shall we meet again? The hope
Flames for a moment and then dies,
And only this remains to me—
I know she had blue eyes.

My Old Point Lace.

BY E. L. J.

I WAS dreadfully shabby that morning. My best cashmere was worn and rusty, my gloves were out at the fingers, and my bonnet not in the fashion. All the same, go out I must, the need was imperative.

I was going to sell my old point lace! Poor mamma began to cry as I took it out. It was rare old lace, fine as gossamer, rich as cream, and worth—I can't tell how many times its weight in gold. Mamma's great, great grandmother wore it on her marriage robes.

I always kept it wrapped up in silver tissue, in a carved Indian box, that had a curious smell of amber and camphor wood. Papa brought me the box for a birthday gift when he came home from Calcutta, and it was full to the brim with jewels.

They were all gone now; I hadn't so much as a stone left, nothing but one plain ring, and that will go with me to my grave. It was Carroll's ring, you see, and I could not bear to part with it, though I let all the rest go willingly enough.

I'll tell you how it was. I was engaged to Carroll. We met one summer in Switzerland, and somehow we seemed to like each other from the first. Carroll was very rich, and came of one of the first families; so papa made no objection. Mamma demurred a little, because, having given me the treasured old point lace to garnish my bridal robes, she had set her heart on seeing me win a title. And sure enough I did have one chance. Sir Humphrey Dawes, of Malvern Grange, asked me to be his wife; and mamma actually did her best to make me accept him, and be a rusty, crusty, old bachelor—old enough to be my father.

I let the title go, and accepted Carroll, and our marriage day was appointed for the ensuing spring. We came home, and Carroll went off on some diplomatic mission to Austria. Every week brought me his letters, my bridal robes were ordered, and my bridal day was drawing near.

"There's many a slip between the cup and the lip!"

The slip which dashed aside my cup of bliss came in the shape of a great financial crash, which shook the country. With scores of others papa was ruined, and being an honorable man, everything went to settle his liabilities, and papa died under it.

Mamma had reigned queen, as I have said, and she could not bear to abdicate her throne, and clamber up to the roof of a lodging house, and sew for bread under the very eyes of the people who had worshipped her. So we turned our backs on papa's grave, and came here.

"My dear," she said, "don't leave a trace by which we may be found. You couldn't expect Carroll Rees ever to think of you again. Under the circumstances such a thing is out of the question. Write and release him from his engagement, and spare yourself humiliation by never letting him hear from you again."

Mamma was a wise woman, so I listened to her advice, and we dropped out of our old life, as a meteor drops out of a summer sky.

But I kept the old point lace. And that morning, as I unfolded it, poor mamma began to sob.

"But, mamma," I said, "I can't see you lack the few little comforts you need. The old point must go."

I put it in my pocket, and donned my old-fashioned bonnet. My way ran through the whole length of the town to a sort of pawnbroker's establishment, in an obscure street.

Reaching the shop of the dealer, my heart ached with a bitter pain. I had been ever so brave with mamma; nevertheless, it went hard with me to sell the old point. It was such rare old lace, and it had been intended for my marriage robes. I hated to see it go into that dingy den for a few paltry pennies.

But as my need was imperative, I choked down my heartache, and quickly entered the shop.

"Do you wish to purchase some valuable old point lace, sir."

The pawnbroker's eyes began to glow.

"Old point lace! A very unsalable article, madam; one we don't care to invest in. However, let's see it."

I put my hand in my pocket, and found it was gone!

"I've lost it!" I gasped, and hurried out of the shop.

On the pavement a gentleman confronted me, a package wrapped in silver tissue paper in his hand.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I saw you drop this."

"Oh, sir, I thank you!"

There I stopped short, and the package fell from my shaking hand. I forgot mamma's advice, with that dear face before me.

"Oh! Carroll! Carroll!" I gasped out.

"Val—is it Val?" was the answer. "Oh, my darling, have I indeed found you at last?"

"Come," he said, "slipping the package into his pocket; "let's walk out on the common; it looks cheerful there."

We went on until we reached a bit of grassy field. There he stopped, and looked me full in the face.

"Now Val," he said, "I want an explanation. What made you release me from my engagement, and then run away and hide yourself? Did you think I cared so much for your money?"

"No—no, Carroll! But mamma said it was out of the question that you should ever think of me again, and I—"

"Yes; you believed her. Val, my dear, mamma's a wonderfully fine woman, but she's of the world, and worldly. You should have had better sense. Why, child, did you think that your troubles could fail to make me love you all the better? I've looked for you, high and low, for six round months, and should have left the little town in despair, only for this blessed—blessed package you dropped. By the way, what was it?"

"My old point lace, Carroll. I was going to sell it. We're dreadfully poor, you see; and I have to do plain sewing in order to get daily bread. We haven't a salable thing left only the old point, that—that was to have been worn at our marriage."

"Ah, yes; I remember. How fortunate that you pulled it out of your pocket, Val, or that pawnbroker might have had it in his clutches. It shall adorn your wedding robes yet, my silly little darling. I've come home with plenty of money, and some few honors; and, Val, I lay them all at your feet, unless you've changed, and don't care for me any more. Is that the secret? Come now, tell me; if we could change places, and I were poor, and you rich, would you cast me off?"

"Oh! Carroll, no! If I were the queen on her throne, my love is yours for ever and ever."

"Then why you didn't judge my heart by your own, and spare me such a world of trouble? Never mind, however. I won't scold you. I'm too happy, Val. I've got you back again, and you've got your old point lace. Our wedding-day shall dawn, Heaven willing, before the June roses bloom."

The King of Holland and his bride are reported to have had a sorry reception in Amsterdam, where there were seven days of fetes in honor of the marriage. The Archduke and Duchess of Weimar, the sister and brother-in-law of the King, were the only other royalties present. The Prince of Orange declined to leave Paris, and his brother was too mentally and physically feeble to appear, while the rest of the royal family are said to have started on a tour to avoid being present.

When, a short time ago, the secret police commissioned a well known writer to procure a series of anti-Nihilist articles, the *littlerateur* is said to have asked for the latest revolutionary pamphlets before setting to work. Imagine his dismay when the parcel that was to contain the subterranean literature, though sealed with the seal of the political police, brought him a letter from a Revolutionary Committee threatening death if he presumed to carry out the Government order.

A gentleman just from a greenhouse stepped into an Indianapolis street car the other day loaded down with his blooming fuchias. He was particularly enthusiastic over a pot of fuchias which he was glorifying to some ladies friends who sat by his side. The ladies admired the beauty of the flower, but suggested that their perfume was rather peculiar for that kind of a plant. This peculiarity was noticed, or nosed, by nearly every one in the car. The gentleman looked a little uneasy, but talked the more. At last he rang the bell and gathered up his flowers and started for the door, when the peculiar perfume of the fuchias was explained by the top of a five-cent bunch of onions sticking gracefully from his coat-tail pocket.

RUBIES.

THE ruby is the gem of gems, and is so called from the redness which commonly characterizes it. The true ruby or red sapphire is said to be the most valuable of gems when of large size, good color and free from fault, so that it exceeds even the diamond in worth and beauty. It is harder than any other known substance except the diamond, which alone among precious stones it will not cut. It is susceptible of electricity by friction and retains it for some hours. It also possesses double refraction in a slight degree. The ruby consists of nearly pure alumina or clay, with a minute portion of iron as the coloring matter.

The finest variety of rubies comes from Pegu, where they are found in the Capelan Mountains; others are found in Ava, Siam, Ceylon, Bohemia, France, Saxony, Australia, Borneo and Sumatra. The Burmese mines have long been famous—the working of them is a royal monopoly, and the king has among other titles that of "Lord of the Rubies." One of the Burmese princes has in his possession a ruby that is valued at $60 000 000. An Indian prince had one of near twenty-four carats, and it was bought for 156 pounds weight of gold. The Czarina of Russia was presented by Gustave III., of Sweden, in 1777, with an exquisite ruby the size of a pigeon's egg. It is still among the crown jewels in the Russian treasury. Among the French crown jewels is a valuable ruby, which is cut into the form of a dragon with outspread wings; and there is said to have been one in Paris which weighed 106½ carats. One of the finest rubies in the world is said to be in the possession of the King of Pegu. Its excessive purity is the legend of the country, and its approximate value has never been ventured upon. It is considered absolutely invaluable. Miss Burdett Coutts, of London, is the fortunate possessor of a superb ruby of wonderful size and purity. The celebrated Duke of Brunswick had two exquisitely engraved rubies, one of which weighed 53 carats. There are also some magnificent rubies among the Spanish crown jewels. Count Walewski, a Hungarian nobleman and a tasteful amateur collector of gems, is said to rejoice in the possession of a ruby of the weight of 54 carats. Tavernier quotes two magnificent rubies owned by the King of Visaper, one of which weighed 53½ carats, and was worth 74 530 francs.

The cathedral of the city of Mexico is the paradise of rubies. A chalice and two censers belonging to the cathedral are ornamented with 176 rubies. It is said that the church dare not put even an approximate value upon them.

A fine ruby of 17½ carats is authentically reported as being in possession of the German University at Bonn. It is worth 60 000 francs. The imperial library of France also possesses an exquisitely engraved ruby representing Valentine III. In China the ladies, it is said, decorate their slippers with rubies. An expensive taste one would fancy, to gratify, and one likely to pass unobserved, except by the wives of the first mandarins of the celestial empire.

The Brazilian ruby is declared to be a pink topaz, inferior to the true ruby, yellow in its natural state and colored artificially. It is, unfortunately, beyond the power of ordinary purchasers to pronounce any critical opinion upon rubies except as regards their appearance, size and color, the best being that known as "pigeon's blood" which is a pure deep rich red quite free from blue or yellow. A ruby cannot be fused by itself but in combination with a flux it may be melted into a clear glass; at an intense heat it turns green, but again resumes its color on cooling.

Rubies may be faulty—in other words may have flaws, specks, a silky or milky appearance, or a tint that is too dark or too light. But fashion goes for something and violet or pale colored rubies may sometimes rise very much in value. The least liable to fluctuate are those of the renowned "pigeon's blood" hue. Small rubies such as are used for the jewels of watches are very abundant, and are generally bought by the pound weight. Imitations of rubies are made, and for a time look well, and even rubies of small size have been produced artificially. An instrument called the polariscope is now used for detecting false stones. The ruby may be set either alone or in conjunction with other precious stones. Few jewels have a more admirable appearance than those in which a large ruby is surrounded by diamonds. In the East they often make a cavity in the lower part at the back of a stone and fill it up with highly polished gold dust. This heightens the brilliancy of rubies amazingly. The ruby also makes an admirable appearance when set round with pearls of fine quality.

In Preston county, Va., a short time ago, a man aged eighty two years was married to a girl of eighteen.

General Leslie Coombs' home in Lexington, Ky., has been destroyed by fire.

Lord Beaconsfield is irritable and uneasy when ill.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

RUSSIAN FASTING.—The Russian peasant is required to fast not only throughout Lent, but during half the month of June, from early in November until Christmas, and on all Wednesdays and Fridays throughout the year.

A CURIOUS BOOK.—A woven book has been manufactured at Lyons the whole of the letterpress being executed in silken thread. Portraits, verses and brief addresses have often been reproduced by the loom, but an entire volume from the weaver's hand is a novelty.

THE LOCUST.—Locusts were regarded by the ancients, both Jew and Pagan, and are still by the Arabs, as the avenging armies of the Deity and the scourge of God. The modern Arabs in fact declare that the locust bears a statement to this effect, in good Arabic, in the markings on its wings. But this does not interfere with the same Arabs trying the locusts for their dinner.

HOW SHAVING ORIGINATED.—The custom of shaving the beard was enforced by Alexander of Macedon, not for the sake of fashion, but for a practical end. He knew that the soldiers of India, when they encountered their foes, had the habit of grasping them by the beard, so he ordered his soldiers to shave. Afterwards shaving was practiced in the Macedonian army, and then among Greek citizens. The Romans imitated the Greeks in the practice, as they did in many other things and spread it to the different European nations yet barbaric.

VOTING BY ELECTRICITY.—When a vote is to be taken in the French Chamber of Deputies, each member touches one of two buttons on his desk (one for yea and the other for nay) and the ball falls in its proper compartment, in a public place by the side of the speaker. As fast as the votes are cast, the whole number is recorded in sight of all, so that the process of taking the 730 votes is not only rapid, but every member sees how it is going on. In addition the machine writes down every name with the vote—the yeas in blue and the nays in red.

PROVERB WANTING REVISION.—"The darkest hour is that immediately preceding the dawn" is another proverb that has been pointed out for revision. Any one who has traveled much by sea or land must know from experience that this reference to the darkness is quite untrue; light increases in the morning as gradually as it decreases in the evening. The true proverb is "the coldest hour," not "the darkest." This is due to physical causes connected with the deposit of dew; hoar frosts take place in the early morning, consequently that is the coldest hour.

SUICIDES IN FRANCE.—After political complications, age is one of the causes which seems to have most influence in France on the suicide. The suicides increase regularly with the age, and the maximum is found between seventy and eighty. It is more difficult to comprehend the increase of suicides among children under sixteen. Men kill themselves four times more frequently than women, and eliminating the two extreme seasons, winter and summer, which act in nearly the same way on both sexes, the suicides of men are more frequent in spring, those of women in autumn. Married men commit suicide half as often as bachelors, and one-third as often as widowers.

ORIGIN OF NAMES.—Dice was known to the Lydians 1 500 years B C. Perseus is credited with the invention of quoits, and the Hindoo Tessa with that of chess. Ardschir, King of Persia, invented backgammon, Palamedes draughts, Pyrrhus tennis, and the Greeks the noble game of goose. Lotto is a comparative recent discovery due to an Italian, Calcalino Galiani in 1753. Dominoes owe their name to the piety of a monk who originated them, and it is a nun who is believed to have invented both the game of battledore and shuttlecock and the catgut racket used in playing tennis. Excavations at the presumed site of Troy have brought earthenware "marbles" to light, and those at Pompeii have yielded a number of jointed dolls in ivory, which prove that the custom of giving costly toys to children is not one of modern development.

HABITS IN MADEIRA.—The Portuguese are not a clean people, which may be one of the causes of English repugnance to them. Some of their customs are very nasty. They expectorate continually, and before doing so make a horrible, long drawn, whirling noise up the throat, which is very annoying. They seem to do this once in every two or three minutes, and make quite an art of it; for little boys practice it, and young men seem to take pride in doing it well. There is also a great deal of hat lifting to one another among the men, and from observation I should say that the art of expectoration; with the proper noise, and the art of lifting the hat, were the two things that the native male youth of Madeira first learned. The presence of a lady does not deter the men from the former nasty habit, and the Portuguese ladies have been known to indulge in it also, as they hang over the balconies, so that it is well to keep the middle of the street in walking.

TIME AND LOVE.

BY VIOLET FANE.

Yes, sit we down in the old folks' chair
And watch we the little ones grow and clamber;
We have woven yew garland's for sunny hair,
And put out the lights in the bridal chamber;
And hand in hand, and with dimming eyes
Wait we, and watch in the dusk together,
O love, my love of the summer weather,
Heart of my heart, who wert once so fair!
No more of toiling, no more of sp'nning,
No more heart-beatings, no more surprise;
For the end is foreseen from the first beginning,
The castle is fall'n ere its turrets rise—
Ah, love, my love, it is sad to be wise!

But time, our master, stand winged and hoary,
And seeming to smile as he whets its blade;
Whilst Love is whisp'ring the same old story;
And Hope seems shrinking and half afraid;
For of these the measure of youth is made,
And the measure of pleasure, the measure of glory
Which is meted out to a human lot;
And so on to the end (and the end draws nearer),
When our souls may be freer, our senses clearer,
('Tis an Old World creed which is quite forgot),
When the eyes of the sleepers may waken in wonder,
And the hearts may be joined that were riven asunder,
And time and love shall be merged—into what?

INEZ;

—OR.—

LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GREAT and sorrowful changes had happened to Lady Florence Wyverne since she stood on the sunlit lawn of Severnoke Castle, feeding the white doves that fluttered round her.

Never was any fate more full of startling contrasts than hers. Brought up in the midst of unbounded extravagance and unlimited indulgence, she had never known a wish ungratified. The late earl had been a prodigal all his early life. The establishment he kept up at the castle was magnificent. There were whole troops of domestic servants, and carriages and horses almost without number; and profusion reigned alike in the hall and the kitchen; no one ever looked after anything; and of this extravagant and unlimited household Lady Florence had been sole mistress almost from the time she had been able to walk.

True, there was a stately old housekeeper even as there were a butler and a steward; but the chief occupation of the servants at Severnoke Castle seemed to be, in plain and somewhat vulgar English, what is generally known as "feathering their own nest."

The earl himself seldom, if ever, came to Severnoke, he was engaged in a round of dissipation and pleasure that emptied his once well filled coffers rapidly.

The end to his career came at last, and Lord Wyverne awoke from a long dream of folly and indulgence, to find himself old, feeble and ruined. Of his large fortune nothing remained. The estate, which was entailed, was already plunged into debt and difficulties. The sale of every personal effect he had in the world would not clear it; and, worse than all, no provision had been made for his beautiful young daughter. At his death, when Severnoke Castle passed into the hands of his heir, the poor girl would be homeless and penniless.

It was this fact that tortured him above all others when he came to his senses, but he was powerless to help himself. It was then too late to undo the evil he had done The few last months of his life were embittered by this knowledge; it shortened his days and Lady Florence knew nothing of the dark future that lay before her until she stood by her father's death bed. Then he confessed his folly and his crime; but he knew not where to turn to find a friend for his unfortunate child. He had not one. Men had drunk and gambled with him, and had taken his money in bets, but there was not one among his old companions to whom he could now turn in his hour of bitter need. Lady Florence was even more friendless; she had spent her life at the Castle, and no one visited there. The only relation she had was Lady Blake: some distant cousins of the earl's were still in England—the Dudleys of Houton—but they refused to acknowledge the prodigal peer during his life, and they refused to assist his daughter after his death. The next heir, the present Earl of Wyverne, was young, and of a mean parsimonious disposition. His disappointment upon taking possession of the title and estates was deep and bitter. He spoke of the late earl as of an unprincipled dishonest man who had wronged him, whose life had been a disadvantage and shame for all connected with him. And this he did in the presence of the child who had never known anything but indulgence and tenderness from that same father, and who had loved him with all the warmth of a young heart; so that, when the young earl offered to Lady Florence a meagre income from the estate, she indignantly refused it, and told him that she would rather starve than be under obligation to the man who had slandered her father.

Something like pity seized him when he saw the young girl bid farewell to the stately home where she had so long reigned as queen. But she passed out of his life, and he was easily consoled for the slight pain he suffered.

Lady Blake offered the friendless orphan a home; but the bread of dependence is proverbially bitter, and that of Lady Blake was of the bitterest. Years and years ago she had imagined herself wronged in some business matters by the dead earl. She had never forgiven him; and she found no better subject of conversation with which to entertain his unhappy daughter than the contant abuse of her father's memory.

Lady Florence endured it for a time, but she had tenderly loved this poor prodigal father, and her heart bled at every fresh taunt and insult heaped upon him.

"He is dead; they might spare him now at least," she cried to herself.

Then the poor child went to Lady Blake, and begged her to refrain from a subject that caused her so much pain. Her ladyship's anger at what she was pleased to call such impertinent interference, was unbounded: she spoke angrily to poor Lady Florence, taunting her with her dependence and her poverty.

Then the child, for she was little more, found herself alone in her sorrow; her thoughts flew to Lord Lynne, and she longed in her grief for a kind, sympathizing word from one who had been a friend; but she made no sign. She heard he was married, and she said to herself bitterly, that he in his happiness and prosperity had forgotten her. But to continue at Lady Blake's was an impossibility.

"There is no help for it," said Lady Florence. "I must do as other girls have done before her. I must work for my living."

She knew where her old singing master, Signor Bacchi, resided. In her despair she went to him and asked for his assistance.

"Find me something to do," she cried. "I will teach, work, or beg, but remain with Lady Blake I cannot."

Signor Bacchi was too astounded to speak. When last he had seen this lady when a girl, she was mistress of Severnoke Castle, with a whole retinue of "pampered menials" at her command. Her face was fair, and bright, and beautiful as a fresh June rose. She was magnificently dressed, and bore herself with easy dignity. Now the fair young face was pale and tear-stained; the heavy mourning dress was neither elegant nor becoming, and to complete the wonder, she stood before him, homeless, friendless, penniless, and asking for his aid to gain a livelihood.

No wonder that he stood for some moments in silent wonder, too moved to speak, and then seizing the little white hands, that he had once seen sparkling with jewels, bathed them with honest, sympathizing tears.

It seemed like a miracle, he said, that he should know of something which might suit this honored young lady. By a strange coincidence, a lady, whose daughter he taught, asked him three days ago if he could find a traveling companion for herself and her two daughters, who were going to Italy. The lady was Mrs. Cadwell, the widow of a rich city merchant.

It was agreed between them that Signor Bacchi should name Miss Wyverne as a lady in every way suited for what Mrs. Cadwell required. Lady Florence begged him to forget her title, and not mention anything of her rank or her former life.

"There will be no need," she said gently. "No one will write to me,—no one knows anything about me, or cares whether I am alive or dead."

Mrs Cadwell was much pleased with the signor's description of Miss Wyverne.

"The chief point is, she should be refined and well bred," she said. "My daughters, moving as they do in the highest society, could not endure anything else."

The singing master smiled as he contemplated the red faces of the Misses Cadwell and remembered the fair loveliness of Lady Florence.

Mrs. Cadwell begged that the young lady would call on the following day; so, in compliance with her wish, the young girl went early in the afternoon to Hyde Park Square.

Mrs Cadwell was puzzled and surprised at Miss Wyverne's behavior. She manifested neither surprise nor embarassment when that lady received her in her grandest manner in a drawing-room that seemed one blaze of gilt and mirrors. She passed her examination creditably, flashing the while, poor child, at the strange questions asked her. She could speak French and Italian fluently. She had never filled a similar position; and she was living at present with a distant relative. When she said something about references, Mrs. Cadwell smiled, and said that Signor Bacchi's word was quite sufficient.

The interview ended satisfactorily; Mrs. Cadwell would start for Italy on the thirtieth. If Miss Wyverne could join her two days previous to that time, it would be quite sufficient.

"You will not object, Miss Wyverne," said the lady, as Florence rose to take her leave, "to giving my daughters a little instruction in Italian. Unfortunately, they know nothing of it, and so I am obliged to take a traveling companion."

Lady Florence declared her willingness to do anything that Mrs. Cadwell desired.

"I think I have made a bargain there," said that astute lady, as the door closed upon her visitor. "She will take all the trouble off our hands,—teach the girls, and be of great use to me. The only thing is, that Maria and Julia may think her too handsome; but they must be reasonable. One cannot have everything."

At the appointed time Miss Wyverne made her appearance. She brought with her to Hyde Park Square two well filled boxes, for she had dresses in abundance.

The first *contretemps* that occurred, was her ignorance of the position of a companion. The young ladies were not visible when she arrived. Mrs Cadwell received her kindly, and informed her that the dinner bell would ring in half an hour. Although the house was partially upset, and the young ladies busily engaged in packing, Florence never dreamed that they would omit the ceremony of dressing as usual for dinner; accordingly she quickly unfastened one of her boxes, and took out a dinner dress of black crape, exquisitely made and trimmed. A jet brooch with a diamond in the centre was her only ornament. The rich masses of her golden hair were neatly arranged; and Lady Florence looked what she was—one of Nature's own gentlewomen.

She noticed the start of surprise that Mrs. Cadwell tried to conceal when she entered the drawing-room. She introduced her daughters, Maria and Julia, and then offered some kind of apology, saying they were too busy and upset to dress for dinner.

Miss Julia looked at her companion's exquisite toilette with something like dismay. The dinner was good, the table well appointed, the servants well trained. With sharp, scrutinizing eyes, Maria and Julia watched the newcomer, amiably anxious to detect the smallest trace of *mauvaise honte* or ill breeding. But they saw that the beautiful graceful girl before them was evidently accustomed to high society. The evening was long and dull; and in compliance with Mrs. Cadwell's request, Florence played some of Mendelsohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," and sang some operatic airs. All the evening the girls were rather sulky at being eclipsed; they could neither play nor sing so well as the companion. It was not eleven o'clock when the candles were ordered, and Florence, wearied and dispirited, retired to her room.

"Mamma," said the eldest Miss Cadwell solemnly, when the door was closed and they were alone, "were you mad when you engaged that girl to live with us?"

"Mad, my dear," said the poor lady, "no; what can you mean?"

"You intend Julia and myself to marry well," continued Maria. "You are taking us abroad, hoping we shall marry there, and you engage that girl to go with us. Do you know what we look like beside her? What chance shall we have near her?"

"I never thought of that," replied Mrs. Cadwell, nervously; "she speaks Italian so well."

"Of course she does," retorted the daughter, with a sneer; "she sings and plays so well, too. What man in his senses will look at us when she is by?"

"But, my dear," said the mother, meekly, "you forget her position. You are heiresses, remember, while she is only a companion."

"I shall take good care that she remembers her position," said Maria; "those kind of people are always presuming. Now remember, mamma, she must be taught to know her place, and keep it."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHATEVER the trials and difficulties of her new life, Florence resolved to bear them bravely. The great sting of all was removed,—no one spoke ill of her father. Her warm, loving heart was not wounded a hundred times by allusions to his faults and the wrong he had done to every one.

With Mrs. Cadwell, she would have been, comparatively speaking, happy; but the young ladies were jealous and envious.

The journey to Rome was not unpleasant. To Florence it was one dream of delight, she forgot the petty vexations, the little miseries of her every day life. She was realizing one of her wildest hopes; she was traveling to that "land of beauty and of song" of which she had dreamed from the time when she had been a child.

They reached Rome in safety. Many English people were there, people of rank and position; Mrs. Cadwell's heart rejoiced as she read the long lists of noble and celebrated names. She took apartments in one of the best and most fashionable parts of Rome. She had some letters of introduction, and she with her daughters determined to gain a footing in the very best society.

"Nothing second-rate, mamma," said Maria, who was the leading spirit of the family; "remember everything depends upon the set we get into first. It must be a good one, if we wait six months."

Both sisters and mother agreed in this. Their brightest hopes were placed upon the Hon. Mrs. Godwin, to whom they bore a special letter of introduction. She received them kindly, was civil to Mrs. Cadwell and her daughters, but seemed to grow fond of Florence.

"Who in the world is that companion of yours?" she said one day to the merchant's widow. "What a beautiful patrician face she has! Where did she come from?"

Mrs. Cadwell explained with some little pride that she had been recommended to her by Signor Bacchi. She was an orphan, who had been living as companion with some relative.

Mrs. Godwin looked thoughtful, and said nothing. In her own mind she had already condemned the Cadwells as *parvenus*, and decided that Florence had been accustomed to the best society.

Day by day Maria and Julia disliked Florence more and more. They disliked her because of the attention she excited. People praised her looks, her manner, her voice, the perfect ease and fluency with which she spoke Italian. The Misses Cadwell, in their own minds, termed her designing and underbred. They reminded her constantly of their difference in position, and spoke of the "duties" of "persons of her class." But the sweet, untiring patience with which she bore it all might have disarmed them.

"You might really have found a companion, mamma," was Julia's dutiful remark, "who would have been useful to us from knowing other people. Many ladies highly connected, and of good family, would be glad to enjoy the advantages Miss Wyverne does, and they would have introduced us to their friends, you know."

But Mrs. Cadwell liked the beautiful, gentle girl, who was always amiable and pleasant with her.

Florence, owing to the good nature of Mrs. Cadwell, had a little room of her own. The sisters intruded there sometimes under different pretexts; they were in reality very curious as to the contents of the boxes that the young girl always kept locked.

One morning Mrs. Cadwell asked Florence to go the bank for her. The girls did not know she was absent, and went to her room for their Italian lesson. They rapped, but no answer came. Maria opened the door and entered boldly, saying that Miss Wyverne ought to be ready for her duties at the appointed time. The room was in its usual tidy state, but one of the boxes always kept locked was half-opened, and from it there hung something that looked like a mixture of exquisite blue satin and white lace.

Maria looked and hesitated. Julia looked too, then both sisters gazed at each other. They were half ashamed of the curiosity which actuated them; the lace hung directly over the lock of the box.

"Whatever that is," said Maria at last, "it will be quite spoiled. I will replace it. It is not often Miss Wyverne leaves things untidy."

She raised the blue satin; it was the sleeve of a richly trimmed dress. Maria forgot all else. In her curiosity she drew out the remainder, and found one of the most elegant evening dresses she had ever seen, trimmed with seed-pearls and point lace. She held it up before her astonished sister, and they both gazed for some minutes in unfeigned admiration.

"How beautiful! how exquisite!" cried Julia. "I never saw anything so elegant."

"What in the world," said Maria, "can a girl in Miss Wyverne's position want with a dress like that. It must have cost a fabulous sum."

It had indeed; it was one of the last presents which the poor earl had made to his idolized daughter. She had never worn it, and did not like to part with it.

"Where could Miss Wyverne have found the money to buy this? I tell you what, Julia," continued Maria, solemnly, "there is something not right about her; I have always felt sure of it. I shall warn mamma instantly, and she must get rid of her. Come with me now."

The two sisters went immediately to Mrs. Cadwell's room.

"I am sure, mamma, that all is not as it should be," concluded Maria, after relating the story of the dress and its magnificence; "neither you nor I ever had anything like it in our lives. Does it stand to reason that a young person in Miss Wyverne's position could purchase such a dress?"

"It may have been given to her, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Cadwell, mildly.

"Nonsense, mamma!" cried Julia. "Who in their senses would give a dress like that to a companion?—it is fitted for a duchess. Depend upon it there is something wrong about; and you will repent it if you do not get rid of her."

"Well, if I must, I must," sighed the mother; "but she is really very useful. But

say nothing about it to-day—we are going with the Godwins to the Coliseum. Leave it until this evening, and I will speak to her then."

Satisfied that they should at length get rid of a rival, the Misses Cadwell were restored so something like humor. They said very little to Florence when she returned, while she, who had often been puzzled by their conduct before, wondered at the malicious, yet triumphant, looks with which they regarded her.

Punctually at the appointed time they called at the Godwins', and then proceeded to the Coliseum.

The elderly ladies seated themselves near one of the ruined arches, overgrown with grass and shrubs; the younger one sat with them for a time, intending to sketch afterwards. The conversation, as usual with the Godwins, turned upon the aristocracy then in Rome. Florence soon tired of it, and wandered some little distance to the entrance of a corridor, and stood there, leaning against the stones. Miss Cadwell smiled contemptuously to herself, thinking her companion "attitudinizing."

"The best people now in Rome," said the Honorable Mrs. Godwin, oracularly, "are the Lynnes,—Lord Lynne, his wife, and sister. I am told that Lady Lynne had created quite a *furore* in London. She is wonderfully handsome, while her sister is the very ideal of a graceful, pretty English girl."

The Cadwells listened intently and reverently. They loved many things, but nothing so dearly as a lord. They did not know one; they would have given anything to be able to speak, as Mrs. Godwin, of lords and ladies,—mentioning them with a familiarity that filled them with awe. To be really introduced to a lord, or speak to one, was the highest end and aim of the Cadwells' existence.

"Do the Lynnes go out much into society?" asked Julia.

"Not at present," replied Mrs. Godwin. "Lady Lynne is in delicate health; besides, you know, they are so very exclusive; they mixed in the highest circles in London. They are very few English in Rome they would know. They are the *creme de la creme*, you understand."

"Oh yes, certainly," said poor Mrs. Cadwell, with the most amiable of smiles, and without the least notion of what Mrs. Godwin meant.

"Really, that is strange!" said Mrs. Godwin, with a smile. "Speak of—you remember the old proverb. There are the Lynnes! over there, near the large arch, where that fine shrub grows. Is she not lovely? Why, see, Mrs. Cadwell, they are crossing this way!—and he look quite smiling and excited. Do you know them?"

"No," cried the three ladies, with something like a pang at the denial.

"They are coming to us!" cried Mrs Godwin, in great excitement. "What can it mean?"

Words are feeble to depict the surprise, the mingled exultation and mortification of the assembled party, when they saw Lord Lynne, with a beaming face and excited manner, hasten to the companion, and clasp her hand in his own, saying, as he did so, "Lady Florence, I cannot express my delight at seeing you. Lady Lynne and myself have searched Rome to find you."

"Lady Florence!" cried the Misses Cadwell and Mrs. Godwin in one breath and in one key, while Mrs. Cadwell sat too dismayed to speak.

Then a handsome lady with an air of dignity, stepped forward, and clasping the young girl in her arms, kissed her warmly, uttering, in a sweet, musical voice, the kindest of greetings.

After that a young lady, with a sweet, fair face and golden hair, whom Lord Lynne introduced as his sister, Miss Lynne, welcomed her just as kindly, while the lookers on were petrified with amazement. The Lynnes—the best and most exclusive people in Rome—were positively in raptures at meeting with their companion!—calling her Lady Florence too! What could it mean? Like a flash of lightning the recollection of the magnificent dress ran through Maria's mind. What if, after all, she were mistaken, and the despised companion proved to be a "lady" instead of an adventuress! They heard every word of the dialogue.

"Where are you staying?" asked Lord Lynne.

"I am travelling companion to three ladies," answered Florence, with a smile. "We are staying in the Via Gregorianna."

"You must go home with us," cried Lady Lynne. "If you only knew how we have searched for you! We will not lose sight of you again."

"Why did you not write to me?" said Lord Lynne reproachfully. "Was I not your father's friend? I can hardly forgive you."

"Come with us for the day at least," said Lady Lynne, watching the sweet face as it alternately paled and flushed. "We can arrange for the future. I am not willing to part with you."

"You are very kind, Lady Lynne," replied Florence; "but I am engaged; my time is no longer my own. I will ask for she day, but I am not quite sure if I can be spared."

"Do not speak so, Lady Florence, you horrify me," cried Lord Lynne. "Introduce me to your friends, and I will arrange that."

He noted the half reluctant expression that came over her face, and smiled as he did so.

"Am I to take the law into my own hands and introduce myself?" he asked with a smile.

"No," she cried, hastily. "But, Lord Lynne, I call myself Miss Wyverne to—to these people. It seemed so absurd for a Lady Florence to go out as companion."

"It is absurd, indeed," he replied, dryly. "We must alter that. I will make it straight for you at once. Introduce me if you please."

Then Lady Florence brought Lord and Lady Lynne up to the fluttered and agitated group, and introduced them to each individual composing it. Mrs. Godwin went through the ceremony like a lady; the Cadwells were nervous. They had attained the end and aim of their existence at last; they were introduced to a real lord and his lady.

Lady Lynne was most gracious, and her smiles bewildered them. Lord Lynne spoke very pleasantly for a few minutes about Rome, and then turned to Mrs. Cadwell with a polite bow.

"Mrs. Cadwell," said he, "this young lady, I find, has been masquerading. You must allow me to introduce her as Lady Florence Wyverne, the daughter of my late dear friend, the Earl of Wyverne. Lady Lynne and myself," he continued, "have been seeking all over Rome for her. We heard she was here, and now that we have found her, I am sure you will allow us to monopolize her for the day."

"Certainly, my lord," replied the poor lady, whose ideas were all disarranged. "I hope Lady Florence will make no stranger of me, but do just as she likes."

"You are very kind," said Lady Lynne, replying for her husband. "If Lady Florence goes with us now, she will return this evening, and to-morrow—if you will allow us—we will call upon you and arrange for the future."

It was with feelings of envy and wonder that they saw the Lynnes disappear, taking with them the very companion whose respectability they had that morning doubted.

"An earl's daughter!" said Maria, as she watched them disappear. "Well, I always thought there was something very distinguished about her."

"I knew she was an aristocrat the first moment I saw her," said Mrs. Godwin; "any one accustomed to good society would know that at once."

"I am sorry to lose her," sighed Mrs. Cadwell; "she is the most amiable girl I ever knew."

"It is a grand thing for you," said Mrs. Godwin; "you will be quite sought after when it becomes known that the Lynnes' friend, Lady Florence Wyverne, has visited you."

"Has been our companion, you mean," interrupted Maria.

"If you are wise, you will not allude to that," replied the woman of the world, "or people will know at once she was incog. If you have treated her kindly, she will repay you, and you will so get a footing in the very best society. A more fortunate thing could not have happened."

Something like a pang of remorse went through the hearts of the Misses Cadwell as they remembered how they had treated their companion. What must she think of them after all they had said of her "class" and her "position?" Each red face became still more red as the remembrance of many such words flashed across them.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LORD and Lady Lynne had been nearly two weeks in Rome. Inez herself decided upon the place, as being at once beautiful, interesting and quiet. It was, too, she thought, the last spot where Count Rinaldo would think of looking for them. Not one word had Lord Lynne said of their journey; no one knew where he had gone. At Paris he told Agatha he thought Rome would be the best place for Inez to rest in, and she acquiesced cheerfully in his decision. Quiet had a great charm for Agatha Lynne. The day before he started, Lord Lynne, who made constant inquiries about Lady Florence heard that she had gone with some family as companion to Rome.

Inez and Agatha were as much interested in finding her as the young lord himself. As soon as Lady Lynne had somewhat recovered from the excessive weakness that prostrated her, they went out every day visiting the different places of interest in Rome, hoping to meet her, but day after day they were disappointed.

One morning Agatha suggested a visit to the Coliseum. She was longing to see it. They went, and were gazing in speechless admiration at the circle of shattered arches and corridors overgrown with shrubs and green grass, when Lady Lynne cried, "Philip, look, there is a picture! Do you see that beautiful sorrowful young girl leaning against those old stones? If I had but my pencil. What a sketch that would make! I never saw a more exquisite face."

Lord Lynne looked: and then, to his wife's surprise, cried out, "Inez, that is Lady Florence Wyverne. I am truly thankful. Let us go over to her at once."

All that day they lavished upon the friendless, solitary girl the most loving care and attention. Not one word did she say to them of the unpleasantries of her present life. She spoke of the constant kindness of Mrs. Cadwell, and said but little of her daughters. They would not hear of any return to what they called her slavery. Lady Lynne had promised she should go back that evening; but she repented having said so, and was glad to hear her husband and sister strongly prohibit any such measure. A polite note was therefore written and despatched to Mrs. Cadwell, who had not expected to see the late companion again.

It was wonderful how much Julia and Maria found to praise and admire in the young girl they had previously disliked. The whole evening was spent in discussing the morning's adventure. The arrival of the pretty scented billet, with a coronet upon the envelope, was but another charm.

The day following Lord and Lady Lynne called upon Mrs. Cadwell. They little knew the preparations that had been made for that event—how many dresses the girls had tried on; how the salon had been arranged; how the card basket was weeded of all obnoxious and common-place names, and the Honorable Mrs. Godwin's card was placed where it was sure to attract attention.

Mrs. Godwin gave some very plain hints that she considered she ought to be present at the interview; but Mrs. Cadwell discreetly refused to understand them.

Lord Lynne explained as much as he thought proper of the circumstances that had caused Lady Florence to act as she had done.

"I consider myself her guardian," he continued. "I was her father's intimate friend; and Lady Lynne wishes her to make her home with us at present. Some arrangement will be entered into with the present Earl of Wyverne, who is bound to allow Lady Florence an income from the estate. If you can find some one as substitute for her, Mrs. Cadwell, you will confer a great favor upon Lady Lynne and myself."

Mrs. Cadwell was only too happy to do anything in her power. All arrangements were soon concluded, and Lady Lynne undertook to send for the luggage belonging to her young friend.

"You must not think," said Lord Lynne, with the kind courtesy that ever distinguished him, "that we intend to deprive you altogether of Lady Florence's society. I hope you will call sometimes at the Palazzo Giorni. We shall be happy to see you."

It was a triumph to be able to tell Mrs. Godwin that they were invited to visit Lady Lynne.

"I tell you," returned the lady, "a more fortunate thing never happened to any one."

Both Agatha and Lady Lynne had the kindest affection for the beautiful young girl, who seemed to have no friends. She was happy with them; but she never felt quite at home with Lord Lynne. She had not forgotten those few days at Severnoke Castle, when he had seemed to care so much about her.

Lady Florence admired the superb beauty of Lady Lynne. She understood how much the graceful, dignified Andalusian loved her husband. Lord Lynne was kind and courteous to her as to every one, and she was wonderfully happy in that new home where every loving care and attention was lavished upon her. A correspondence was opened with the Earl of Wyverne. Lord Lynne refused to listen to any argument Florence brought forward, and declared she must be guided by common sense, not pride, and that her father's daughter should receive a suitable provision from her father's estate.

They had now been three weeks in Rome and Lady Lynne was beginning to recover her spirits, nothing having been heard of Rinaldo.

"He will see," she said to herself, "that there is no chance for him, and he will be satisfied to leave us alone."

Alas! she was too sanguine: as well hope to divert a tiger from its helpless prey, as expect Count Rinaldo to relinquish any plans he had once formed. She had not quite regained her old spirits and brilliancy; and there were times when her cheek was pale and her eyes were dim; but as days passed on and no news came of the man who tortured her, she began to take courage. The danger was not present and she feared it less.

Lord Lynne could not quite understand his wife. He was proud of her and fond of her; but he wondered why she so frequently seemed to lose all health and strength, why those sudden and mysterious fits of illness seized her; why at times she was her own brilliant, bright self, and again so sad and spiritless that he hardly knew her. He was never certain of her; if he saw her in the morning, and felt pleased because she seemed bright and happy, in a few hours afterwards she would be pale and silent. Yet no woman ever strove to bear her pain so bravely as did Inez Lynne.

Her husband was never sure of her. He found relief in the unwearying sweetness of Agatha Lynne and the bright cheerful spirits of Lady Florence. The two young girls were warmly attached to Inez. Florence resembled Agatha in many things—she was fair, but her face was brighter, and her hair of a deeper and more golden hue. In place of the sweet repose that characterized Miss Lynne, she charmed by the varying expression of her bright face. She was of a more decided character than Agatha; she had more pride, more genius, deeper capability of loving; she was less patient and amiable.

"Good news," said Lord Lynne, as he perused a long and closely-written letter from his mother—"the Leighs are coming to Rome. They have our address, and will call first upon us."

With a rapid glance Inez noticed the flush that overspread her sister's face when she heard the name. She did love Allan then, and that was the reason she cared nothing either for Lord Hortington or Count Rinaldo.

"If that only happens," said Lady Lynne to herself, "I am saved. If Allan comes, and they are engaged, Rinaldo would see it was of no use to torture me, and I should be left in peace."

Her spirits rose again—she would be happy. There was freedom in the present, and a prospect of relief in the future.

Lord Lynne proposed that they should visit that day the beautiful gardens of the Pamfili Doria Villa.

"They are like fairyland, Inez," he said "you will be charmed with them. The oaks and bay trees meet overhead, and form beautiful green aisles, down which you may walk, lost in dreams. The rippling fountains and the magnificent statues and vases are half hidden in the luxuriant foliage. Would you like to go there?"

"Above all things," replied Lady Lynne. "But when are the Leighs coming?"

"There is no certain time fixed," said Lord Lynne. "Whenever we go out we must leave word as to our whereabouts, and they will follow us."

So Lord Lynne left orders with his servants that if any friends came from England, they were to be told Lord and Lady Lynne were at the Pamfili Doria Villa, and asked to follow them there.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVOLUTION OF GAMES.

THE invention and distribution of games is a topic which, if we consider it for a moment, at once brings us face to face with the problems of human history. If we find the same sport, with much the same artificial rules, played, say, in Kamtschatka and Madagascar, certain questions at once ask for an answer. Does the uniformity of human nature go so far that it produces a uniformity even in the minute details of amusements? Or, again, have the pastimes whose distribution and resemblance puzzle us been brought from a common centre, either by migration or in the same way as articles of commerce are passed on from hand to hand? The answers given to these questions may vary in each instance, but in any case they must be interesting and important. Our eyes must be opened so as to see at least two great truths—first, the fatalism which is busy even in the sportive action of the human mind; secondly, the vast age and wide extent of human intercourse. The tradition of facts which Europe has known only in times comparatively recent often points to some half mythical intercourse with civilization. Again, the architectural remains of peoples whose very name is forgotten, whose hieroglyphics are unread, whose gods have survived their makers, prove that in Northern and Southern America cultivated tribes have passed away, like waves of the sea.

Again, there seems always to have been casual communications between India and the isles that stretch to Sumatra. Thus it is never absolutely impossible that identical or similar practices among races however widely severed and ignorant even of each other's existence, may be importations. On the other hand, who can say where the mere uniformity of production which characterizes human nature stops working? Let us choose a strong example. If an Egyptian cartouche were found in an old Fijian grave, here, we might say with certainty, is an imported article. Take an example equally strong on the other side. Let a flint arrow head of precisely the red Indian pattern be found in Athenian soil, and we merely recognise the uniformity of human invention in an early stage. The instruments and the needs of the ancient dweller in Attica were precisely the same as those of the Iroquois or Seneca Indian.

General Franz Sigel is delivering lectures in the Northwestern States on "the German-American element of the American population."

A leather bag containing $25,000 was recently found in a billiard saloon, where it was left under a settee by its careless owner. He recovered it next day.

LOVE'S TRUST.

BY I. D. L.

No heart was made for loneliness or sadness,
Some other beats with true responsive thrill,
And love, though given all vainly and in madness,
Is sweet and holy still.

* * * * * *

It is my faith that those who purely cherish
True love, no matter whether crowned or crossed,
Unite in that bright realm where grief must perish,
And nothing pure is lost.

* * * * * *

Then, if not here, perhaps in those high regions,
In the great shadow of the Eternal Throne,
I'll single thee from all the shining legions
And claim thee as my own!

United and Parted.

BY M. W. P.

"I SUPPOSE it was a love match?"

"Yes, I can swear it was a love match on Thornhill's part. He appeared to worship the very ground she trod on."

"Ah, I perceive your discernment and worldly knowledge, my dear boy, in putting your remark in the past tense."

"What a cynical old bachelor you are, Johnstone!"

"Yes and I intend to remain so. But ta, ta; I must go."

The above conversation took place on the steps of a fashionable club, and the cause was the marriage of Constance Granger with John Thornhill.

They were now happily located at the charming Kensington Villa, on which John Thornhill had expended so much time, attention, and expense, in order to make it a fitting dwelling for his young wife, who went into raptures about everything.

Assuredly no prettier divinity for such a shrine could have been found than Constance Thornhill, nee Granger; petite in figure, graceful in movement, charming in feature, she seemed created to be the guardian angel of a household, and to bring joy, rest, and peace to a man's home.

Thus it seemed they were, so rumor said, the pattern of connubial bliss; the lady being all amiability, blended with an earnest regard to her studious husband's comforts; while the gentleman was all devoted attachment and reverential love—so they termed it—for his young wife.

Affairs standing thus—the shock which society received may be imagined, when, about a twelvemonth after the wedded pair had been located in Kensington, the news was suddenly spread abroad that the villa was to be let, and that the Thornhills had separated.

He, abruptly renouncing study, had gone to France, while she had started for the North of England, where it was understood some members of her family resided.

But what was the cause? asked eager rumor, breathless to acquire further news. No one knew.

What could be the cause? Rumor, unable to ascertain, flew off and with its brains, which in number quite equal its many tongues speedily invented reasons; but for the reader alone is the right reserved to learn the truth.

Much has been said about matrimonial affection during and after the honey moon; but it made no change with the Thornhills. The happiness ratified on the wedding day seemed destined to be lasting, when one morning, a twelve month after their union, the young wife, in her light morning dress, presiding over the bright breakfast service, carefully, as was her custom, prepared the chocolate for her lord and master, who, with that grave happiness on his features which bespeaks so eloquently the stability of the affection he enjoyed, sat opposite, turning over and perusing several letters, mostly of the blue envelope, business type, which laid by his side. At last he took up a long narrow, foreign looking envelope, the writing on which, even as far off as she sat Constance could tell was a lady's.

No sooner had he begun to read it than a pallor as of death spread over his countenance. The next instant, reeling and staggering as one drunken with wine, he gasped hoarsely, 'Oh, it is impossible! It cannot be."

In an instant Constance was by his side, her arms clasped about him, her face as pale as his, and terror depicted on every feature.

Bending down earnestly, entreatingly she implored him to speak—to tell her what had caused this misery; but in vain. That painful sobbing, as if the strong man's heart was convulsed unto death, never ceased.

What could Constance do? He was ill, he must be; yet she was conscious she dared not call for aid.

The letter which had created all this change caught her attention. Quickly, and without a moment's hesitation, her hand was upon it, and before he could prevent her, she read the lines therein written.

No less an effect did it produce on Constance Thornhill than it had on her husband. Her lips white before, turned a stony blue, while her large blue eyes, opening to their fullest extent, fixed themselves with a look of unmitigated horror upon John Thornhill. Humbly mingled with an expression of the deepest despair and misery, he met the gaze.

"Constance," he began taking a step towards her; but recoiling, she repulsed him.

"Back!" she exclaimed, hoarsely. "Do not approach—do not now or ever again touch me, unless you can declare this awful letter to be false. Speak! in pity to yourself and to me, speak! Tell me, John Thornhill, am I your wife or not. Am I——"

"Hush! in the name of Heaven, hush!" he cried, in agonized entreaty.

"Speak!" she reiterated, in the same scarcely articulate tone of voice.

"Constance," he began, "when I wedded you I believed——"

"Then it is true!" she interrupted, with a cry, as she flung her clasped hands above her head, in the agony of her despair; "I am not your wife!"

Casting herself upon a sofa, Constance buried her face among the cushions, and burst into a hysterical flood of tears.

Trembling with agitation, grief and despair, John Thornhill gazed upon her, fearful to approach her. Once or twice he essayed to do so, but recoiled as if unworthy to draw near the woman he had so unintentionally wronged.

At length he spoke to her, and she did not interrupt him.

"Constance," he said, "I confess that when I wedded you I once previously had gone through the marriage ceremony with another—oh, what another!—but, as Heaven is my witness, and hears me now, I swear that I believed her long since dead. For years she had been so to me; but I then thought that the grave had divided us for ever."

Then he related how, when but a mere youth of nineteen, he had been entrapped into a marriage with one of those dangerously beautiful but unprincipled women who take advantage of the susceptibility of youth to save themselves by another's ruin.

But Therese Boudin could not save herself. Soon weary of her youthful, studious partner, she openly continued the courses which, before marriage, she had so sedulously concealed; and John Thornhill, rendered by this irreparable act of folly a grave thoughtful man before his time, speedily parted from her.

But the clog had still been there, making his young life a series of threatenings and entreaties for money.

In the midst of this had come a letter from a friend speaking of her death and telling of freedom—a freedom that he never would have risked again had he not met Constance Granger; before her he was powerless, and finding she returned his love, their union took place, and had been a succession of happiness till the arrival of that letter to day from his first wife, in which she announced her intention of coming to England, enclosing also a photograph just taken, so that as she wrote sneeringly, he might after so long a parting recognize her when they met.

Too well indeed did he recognize those features, older, coarser, and terribly worn, but yet truly the same—beautiful, bold, and defiant.

So John Thornhill told his sad story; and Constance, the tears occasioned by it falling on his bowed head, had involuntarily stooped and with a sister's kiss murmured, "I pity you, John, from my very soul. My misery is no fault of yours dear; I will not—I cannot blame you. We both need pity—but we must part; not an instant longer must this house shelter me. We must separate, and for ever; but my love, a sister's love and pity shall still be yours."

And so it was they parted.

* * * * *

Two years had passed. John Thornhill had returned from France, where for a few moments he had seen and assured himself of the identity of the woman who had indeed ruined his every thought of happiness in this world.

Appearing at his chambers, a grave, taciturn man, he resumed his profession and study, but never speaking a word about the past.

Once every month, however, they remarked that his chambers were closed to every one for two days. Where he went they could not surmise. They never divined, nor did Constance, that he hastened by express down to Yorkshire, for the pleasure of seeing—unseen himself—her he so fondly loved, and learning of her welfare.

And how had the two years passed with Constance? Bravely had she fought with her trouble, and, once the victory hers, had nobly bowed her head in resignation to her hard fate.

It was one wild, tempestuous night in November, two years after their separation, that, having quitted her aunt earlier than usual, Constance sat in her own room pondering over the past.

All the day an irresistible longing had been upon her to see John Thornhill, and the battle to overcome it had been great and terrible.

But with a dominant will she guarded and kept watch over her movements till, as the clock struck half-past eleven, she sank down in her chair by the fire, weary and exhausted with the fight, but triumphant. The feeling had been overcome.

Suddenly, as she sat thus, there seemed to come to her ears a faint cry—a cry for help, which was quickly beaten away again by the hurricane.

Constance listened, and as she did so stories of how people had lost their way and perished on the moors during such nights, came to her remembrance. So she threw open the casement, and leaning forth, listened.

All was still, save the drifting rain. Hark! —there was a sound; no longer a cry, but as of a faint moaning, down right at the gate which led up the long garden to the house.

Her resolve was instantly taken. Casting a warm shawl about her, she ran first to arouse her aunt and her own maid. Acquainting them with what she believed was the matter, she bade the latter follow her quickly; but, not waiting for her, Constance took down and lit a lantern from the kitchen, opened the hall door, and shielding the light with her shawl hastened to the gate.

Opening it and holding the lantern low to the ground, she soon perceived her fears were correct. A woman, her head bent forward, with long, dark, wet hair over her face, and her clothes saturated by the tempest, lay crouching outside. At a glance Constance perceived by the garments that though poor the wayfarer was neither a beggar nor a tramp.

Calling aloud for the maid to hasten, they quickly bore her in and placed her upon the bed. Then Constance, having dispatched the girl for some restoratives, took the lamp from the table, and approaching drew back the wet, matted, black hair, to look upon the face of her, she prayed to Heaven, she had saved.

But no sooner did her eyes rest upon the pale, haggard features lying so motionless on the pillow, than she staggered into a chair, murmuring, with pallid lips, "It is John Thornhill's wife."

As if the startling words had penetrated even the woman's deep insensibility, her eyes opened, and she fixed them vaguely, then wonderingly, upon Constance, as she faintly articulated:

"I thought I heard a name uttered that I know. Am I right? Where is he? Where am I? Who are you? Tell me, do not deny it. Are you not his wife?"

A deep flush spread over Constance's cheek as she replied gravely:

"No, you know I am not. Who should know if you do not?"

The woman regarded her attentively for a few moments, then asked abruptly:

"You at once recognized me, then?"

"I did," replied Constance; "you are John Thornhill's wife."

"Yes, the one who has been his ruin and yours," said the woman. "Why then do you keep me here? Why not turn me back again into the storm to perish, as I speedily should have done, as I speedily even now shall do?"

She sunk back exhausted as she concluded. At the same moment the maid, followed by her aunt, entered, and the woman relapsed into insensibility.

This unconsciousness lasted far into the next day, succeeded by a species of delirium.

Medical aid had been sent for, and on the doctor's first visit he pronounced the case hopeless.

It was in the dead of night, that deadliest portion, the hour before the dawn, that the patient, starting, awoke from a feverish sleep, looked quickly round, and called Constance to her side.

"You have been an angel of goodness to me," she whispered faintly, "but all your care is useless. If I speak, I must do so now, or never. I have deceived you both. I am not——"

"You are not what?" asked Constance kindly, for she perceived a change had come over her patient, and her mind wandered.

"I am not John Thornhill's wife."

With a cry she could not suppress, Constance started back.

"What mean you?" she gasped.

"That Therese, Mrs. John Thornhill died and was buried some years ago, as your husband believed."

"And you?" said Constance; "who are you, then?"

"Her twin sister, who John Thornhill may have heard of, but whom I know he never saw till lately," replied the woman. "Yes, her twin sister in face, movement, and manner. It was no wonder I so easily deceived him. The proof of my words is in the pocket book you will find in my dress."

She looked and found the papers. They were chiefly composed of family letters, but among them were the copies of two certificates, one of the baptism of Therese and Lucille Boudin, the other announced the death of the former as Therese Thornhill, and her place of burial.

Immediately forgetful of herself in the trouble of another, Constance returned the letters to the pocket-book and approached the bed.

"You are happy," whispered the dying woman, "and find that you had never any right to be otherwise. Can you forgive her who caused you so heart breaking a misery?"

The dark eyes were turned almost supplicatingly to the young wife as the words were spoken.

"I do forgive you," murmured Constance, the tears standing in her eyes, "I forgive you, as I pray Heaven may, and from my soul I pity you."

Lucille Boudin then prayed to be alone.

Softly Constance complied, and entering the small room adjoining, with a beating heart drew her desk towards her, and with eager, trembling hands, wrote:

"John, my own dear husband, come to me! Oh, lose no time! Startling is the news I have to tell! Do not delay. Shall I survive the weary waiting till I see you? Oh hasten, my beloved! CONSTANCE."

* * * * *

It was on the dull Winter's evening of the following day that, anxious and expectant, Constance stood at the garden gate, watching the long road leading from the railway station. For an hour she had been there, and John Thornhill had not come.

All was quiet in the house—very quiet and peaceful in that one room where the blinds were drawn, for the soul of the poor wanderer had found rest some hours before; she had breathed her last, clasping Constance's hand in hers.

Suddenly the eager watcher bent forward. At length the long line of dull road was broken by a figure—that of a man. Breathlessly Constance marked his approach in the gloaming, and soon was clasped to John Thornhill's heart.

"John—dear John!" she exclaimed, "you have come at last!"

"My own darling—my Constance!" he rejoined, his voice broken by emotion as he pressed his lips to the head resting on his breast. "Bless you for the summons, my love!—for my heart was breaking."

So society received another shock in the reappearance of Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill once again among them.

For a long while their reunion was a subject of much conjecture and surprise, till—as all things will in this world, where nothing can be secret—the truth slowly crept out.

THE SLY CHINAMAN.

THE law passed by the late Legislature of Nevada, forbidding under heavy penalties, the disinterment of human bodies buried in the State without first obtaining permission was suggested by and aimed at the well known custom of digging up the bones of their countrymen and shipping them home to China. This custom has prevailed not only from religious duty, but through the contracted obligations of the companies to which they belong, or by whom they are brought to this country, to return them to China alive or dead. Returning the bones suitably boxed up, labelled, and certified to, fulfils the contract. For every Celestial not so returned, or otherwise satisfactorily accounted for, the company has to forfeit three times the amount of the contract money to the relatives of the deceased, or to the Government.

For this reason it is that at a suitable time, a few months after burial, the graves were reopened, and the bones taken out for shipment. The new law would apparently discourage and prevent in a great measure the emigration of Chinese to this country, but John is too cunning to be caught out or kept out on any such arrangement as that. Since the law went into effect not one Chinese corpse has been buried with any bones in it. Skilful practitioners, employed by the companies remove all the bones from the body as soon as convenient after death. The corpse is laid upon the operating table face downward, and two skilled surgical operators step forward to their work with keen glittering knives. An incision is made from the top of the head down the spinal column, branching off down each leg to the heel, and along the back of each arm. The skin and flesh is then carefully and speedily peeled and trimmed away each side from the skull, shoulders, back ribs, hips, arms, and legs, and, in less time than it takes to describe it, the fleshless skeleton is drawn forth, leaving the boneless corpse lying there. Then the clothes which deceased wore during life, often comprising all his worldly possessions, are carefully stuffed in to supply the place of the bones removed, and the body being neatly sewn up and washed, it is wrapped in a plain shroud and delivered to the friends for burial.

The skeleton is now unjointed, and the bones are subsequently baked in an oven and packed for shipment.

A minister at a colored wedding, who wished to be humorous, said:—"On such occasions it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it." To which malignant remark the bridegroom pertinently replied —"On such occasions it is customary to pay the minister $10, but in this case we will omit it."

"ONLY BY A WORD."

BY SHIRLEY WINNE.

Dearest, you did not guess, that night we walked
'Neath the bright mirage of the o'erbending skies—
I, whom you termed your Mentor, old and wise,
And you, who gay as wood-elf laughed and talked—
How, when with sudden shyness, gravely sweet,
And eyes that sought the blue flow'rs at your feet,
You faltered that you loved—ah, well, not me,
As I had dreamt, hoped, prayed that it might be!—
You did not guess that with one word you slew
Youth, hope, and patient constancy—yea, life
Itself, that seemed but given to me for you.
And with one word stabbed keener than a knife!
Thank Heav'n, I say, dear, that you did not guess,
And so not know my utter loneliness;
E'en as I wished you joy, with accents cold
Perhaps, so close did agony enfold,
And, as you smiled through happy tears, the light
Of my deceitful day sank into night.
O sweetest voice, that spoke such doom of pain—
O softest hand, by whom my life is slain,
I must not hear you more—I must not touch again!

In the Garden.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

IT was perhaps the only sorrow of Sir Roland Euson's life that he was without a son. Had it been possible for him to be satisfied, he surely had every reason for it, but the very fact of his comfort in other respects only made this want the keener by contrast.

His girls, Ethel and Maud, though dear to him as daughters well could be, filled only a part of his heart and ambition. It had been his hope that the old name and the old place would go to his son, as he received them from his sire; but as fate had willed it otherwise, he was not content.

It may have been that dislike of the heir-at-law had something to do with his discomfort. He was also a Euson, but only distantly connected with Sir Roland's branch of the family.

He had met the heir once, and but once, during the latter's boyhood at his father's house in London, and the country baronet, with his quaint dress and quainter manners, had then been a never-ending cause of mirth to the over-petted, spoiled lad. This he had never forgotten, and he was not disposed to forgive.

Since his wife's death three years before, Sir Roland began to grow most morose and peevish. Previously a man of the kindest heart and habits, this change was anything but pleasant, particularly to the retainers of the household. In consequence there was trouble, and though Lady Ethel and her gentle sister did what they could to undo their father's wrongs, it was no unusual thing to have almost a weekly "strike" of the service all round.

Among those who had been engaged under this new order of things was a young head gardener—a person of singularly prepossessing manners and appearance. He had answered Sir Roland's advertisement from London, on the former occupant of the position leaving through an altercation with his master, some weeks before and had since become a general favorite. He seemed to have little practical knowledge of the garden's requirements, but his taste and judgment were faultless. Not only was this fact instantaneously apparent to the ladies, but even their father, notwithstanding his present constitutional tendency to grumble, had to confess Mivvins was a more than ordinary man.

As both Ethel and Maud were exceedingly fond of flowers, they were necessarily often in the garden, which lay entirely on one side of the Manor House. Thus Mivvins was frequently called upon both for opinions and information, and thus it gradually came to their notice that his education generally, appeared far above his place.

It was on one of these occasions, while they were seated in one of the numerous arbors watching him tastefully arranging some new plats, that Sir Roland approached them, and after a few comments anent Mivvins' improvements, remarked:

"Girls, I forgot to mention I yesterday sent to the city requesting young Euson's presence here for a day or two to see about cutting some woodland, and I expect his answer either in person or by letter this morning. I am sure as the heir to Eusonton he can't help feeling a little pleased at the care we are taking of his estate."

There was the least touch of bitterness in the baronet's voice as he spoke, and Ethel's reply was tinged with the same feeling:

"To think that a person we have never seen, nor for that matter heard anything of, except what was disagreeable, should be able to claim our home as his own. It's monstrous!"

"Ah, Ethel," suggested Maud, "you should remember we on our part have made no friendly advances to our distant relative. And how do we know that he takes such pleasure as father imagines in dispossessing us? It is more the fault of the law than his own desire, I'll be bound."

During their short colloquy, Mivvins, in the process of showing one of his subordinates the course of a border, had advanced close to the arbor, and doubtless heard all.

At this moment a boy from the Manor House, all adipose and buttons, came upon the group with a sealed note which he handed to Sir Roland.

That gentleman in taking it remarked:

"From London, and no doubt from the 'heir.'"

It was as the "heir" that the baronet of late spoke of his probable successor, and Ethel Euson to a certain extent infected with her father's views, usually referred to him in the same terms.

The message, however, was not from the "heir," but from his lawyer, and stated that his client was abroad and would not return for some months.

"Well," was Sir Roland's comment, as he refolded the note, "we shall be spared his visit for so long at least."

"And that is some satisfaction if not much," added Ethel.

"I don't know why it should be," said Maud; "for my part, I confess I am curious to see him."

Maud Euson's milder method of taking everything, as compared with her elder sister resulted from the fact that in mind and person she was of dissimilar bent. Ethel was not pretty and decidedly sour tempered, while Maud was her opposite in all.

None of the trio noticed the unnecessary care Mivvins was bestowing upon a thriving tea rose back of the arbor during the reading of the note and the subsequent commentaries.

Maud for one moment imagined she saw him watching them, but the thought was gone almost immediately.

In a little while Ethel and her father returned to the house, while Maud remained, reading.

For sometime she sat deeply absorbed, and when she did raise her eyes it was to meet those of the head gardener fixed upon her in rapt admiration. He was standing just outside the arbor and bowed as she turned towards him.

"I did not wish to disturb you, Miss Maud," he began, with a slight air of confusion, "but if you please I would like your opinion of the new border."

"Certainly, Mr. Mivvins," was the reply, "with all the pleasure in the world."

Had it been to save her life, Maud Euson could not call this man simply Mivvins. Although it was customary in speaking to the servants and employees to omit the Christian name, and though her sister so styled them without any hesitancy, there surrounded him in her eyes such an air of refinement she found it impossible.

They walked over to where the alterations were being made, and as the handsome gardener successively pointed them out, she pronounced her judgment. But one thing anyone must have noticed in her comments. They were so unanimously in praise of everything and so unstinted in their warmth, that it was no wonder Mivvins' face became suffused, or that her own grew likewise, when she suddenly remembered that such laudation, while quite just, perhaps, was certainly most unusual.

Having so fair an eulogist therefore, it was only natural that the work in the garden should progress, and Maud felt herself taking an interest in botany generally that she hardly deemed possible. True she had always loved flowers, but not, as Ethel remarked, to the extent of neglecting her music and painting.

"I want you to practice this duet with me, Maud," she had said to her one day, observing her preparations for her almost daily visit to the hot houses and gardens. "It is really beautiful."

"Some other time, Ethel, dear," was the answer; "I am just now very much interested in some new tulips Mr. Mivvins is raising."

And out she passed into the garden singing like a bird.

"Mr. Mivvins," emphasized Ethel, as she watched the light girlish figure down the path, "how can Maud so forget herself. Mr Mivvins indeed."

Two months had fled since this gentleman arrived at Eusonton, and never had the wide parterres of the Manor appeared so beautiful.

"Mivvins is certainly a jewel of genius and industry," said Sir Roland one morning at breakfast, and there was none to contradict him.

That same day the baronet was glancing with gratified pride over his lovely garden, when the head gardener approached him and begged for a few moments' private conversation. Sir Roland readily granted the request, and led the way to the bower.

In a little while he issued thence with an utterly dazed expression of countenance, and apparently under the impression that he was dreaming or intoxicated. And as he went towards the house followed by Mivvins he appeared to be uncertain whether he should turn and clasp that individual in his arms, or request him to kick him in order to conclusively decide the question as to whether he was awake or asleep.

But when he entered the drawing room with the gardener and told the servant to request the attendance of his daughters, he appeared to be at least so far aware of the use of reason as to turn and first stare at Mivvins, and then rise and violently shake him by the hand. This ceremony was only interrupted by the entrance of Maud and Ethel.

Then Sir Roland explained the mystery. Mivvins was young Roland Euson, the heir at law to Eusonton. A great lover and student of the flowery science, he had heard of the vacancy and to observe his relations unknown, had taken the freak to engage himself to the baronet as head gardener. It was at first only a freak, but had become a most serious matter. He had learned to love Maud, she had returned his passion, and this morning, revealing his identity to the bewildered baronet, he had asked the favor of her hand.

Of course there could be no objection, and to the latest day of his life—which was long and happy with his daughter and son-in-law—Sir Roland was made doubly happy by the thought that Eusonton was in his branch of the family after all.

GREAT MEN'S HOBBIES.

OF all the various hobbies in which men of mark have interested themselves, perhaps no one has been so common as gardening. Even monarchs, from Diocletian to the present Sultan of Turkey or the King of Bavaria, seem to have found greater pleasure in cultivating fruits and flowers than in the exercise of regal power. Every school boy has heard of those famous cabbages, the sight of which Diocletian firmly believed would reconcile his old colleagues to his loss of empire; and future readers of European history will probably be duly impressed with the fact that while the Russians were thundering almost at the very gates of Constantinople, the father of the faithful was engaged in the formation of a new orangery. Pope used to say he was prouder of his garden than of his poems. It was to the hobby of a Scotch duke, principally, that we owe the richness of coloring so peculiar to our modern landscape in autumn, he having taken very much the same interest in the introduction and acclimatization of foreign trees and shrubs that Dr. Compton, a former bishop of London, displayed in the importation of the choicest exotic plants and flowers.

When monarchs have taken to gardening it has sometimes been carried on in a truly regal fashion. Cyrus is said to have planted all Asia Minor, and he had a splendid estate more particularly under his own supervision. "Never, when my health permits," wrote the Prince, "do I dine until I have labored two hours in my garden." Not a few men who have acquired a taste for gardening have become so enamored of their hobby that they have caused themselves to be buried in the spots on which they have spent so many pleasant hours. Sir William Temple, though anticipating that his body would find a resting place in Westminster Abbey, ordered his heart to be enclosed in a silver casket and buried in his garden.

Most men who have commanded sufficient energy of character to attain prominence in the world have cultivated some kind of recreative taste. Milton and Luther practiced music in the intervals of their turbulent public lives. Charles V., in his seclusion, loved nothing better than to spend an afternoon with the mechanical inventions of Torricelli. Of Gustavus Vasa, it was said that a better laborer never struck steel; and Mohammed rather prided himself on his dexterity in mending his own shoes and making his own pantaloons. Charles IX. was enthusiastically fond of a blacksmith's occupation and was something of a poet, too. Domitian gave especial attention to all matters pertaining to the hair. Constantine, besides being an author, was a painter of very respectable ability. Louis XIII. had many hobbies, though his hobbies can hardly be said to bear on them the stamp of royalty; he could force green peas, and one day took it into his head to shave all the officers about him.

Russia seems to have the highest death-rate of any country that collects mortality statistics. The report of the Medical Bureau for the year 1877 has but recently been published, and it shows that in a population of 80 000 000, the deaths of the year were at the rate of from thirty to fifty per thousand. The ravages of diphtheria put it first in the list of diseases; next comes typhoid fever, and next small pox. There are about 14 000 000 sectarians in Russia who do not allow vaccination, and this accounts for the large mortality from small pox. As to the typhoid, it is called in Russia "hunger typhus," for its greatest ravages are always in the famine-stricken districts.

In Geneva, Switzerland, a new school for watchmaking has been opened, and the latest machinery, including much of American manufacture, has been introduced.

Kentucky is shipping black walnut logs to England.

Scientific and Useful.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SPECIMENS.—A good method of killing specimens is to put a small bit of chloroform on the insect's head as soon as it is caught. The effect is that it instantaneously dies, not even a relaxation of the muscles being perceptible.

THE TELECTROSCOPE.—The telectroscope is the latest invention of the day. By means of this instrument it is said that pictures imprinted by reflection in a camera obscura can be reproduced at a distance of many miles in much the same way that sound is conveyed by a telephone.

ADULTERATED WINES.—As a rough and ready plan of detecting the presence of foreign coloring matter in red wines, a German contemporary recommends the use of quicklime or carbonate of lime. Perhaps the simplest plan of all is to drop a little of the wine on a piece of chalk. Unsophisticated red wine will stain it brown or slaty gray, bilberry juice blue, mallow either blue or green, and kermes juice and fuchsine have no effect on it at all.

GROWTH OF THE NAILS.—The growth of the nails is more rapid in children than in adults and slowest in the aged; it goes on faster in summer than in winter, so that the same nail which is renewed in 131 days in winter requires only 116 in summer. The increase of the nails of the right hand is more rapid than those of the left; moreover it differs for the different fingers, and in order corresponds with the length of the finger, consequently it is the fastest in the middle finger, nearly equal in the two on either side of this, slower in the little finger and slowest in the thumb. The growth of all the nails on the left hand requires eighty-two days more than those of the right.

PERPETUAL PASTE.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of water. When cold stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to beat up all the lumps; stir in as much powdered resin as will lay on an old-fashioned dime and throw in half a dozen cloves to give it a pleasant odor. Have on the fire a teacup of boiling water, pour the flour mixture into it, stirring at the time. In a few minutes it will be of the consistency of mush. Pour it into an earthen vessel; let it cool, lay a cover on, and put in cool place. When needed for use, take out a portion and soften it with warm water. Paste thus made will keep twelve months. It is better than gum, as it does not gloss the paper and can be written on.

NEW PRESERVATIVE AGENT.—During some experiments in separating sugar from molasses a double salt of borate of potassium and sodium was found that proved to have valuable antiseptic properties. This salt is now manufactured on a commercial scale, and costs little. It is obtained by dissolving in water equal quantities of chloride of potassium, nitrate of sodium and boric acid, filtering and evaporating to dryness. The salt is said to be quite deliquescent and must be kept in tight bottles. It is quick in action, retains its qualities for a long time and has no injurious effect on the taste, smell, or healthfulness to which it is applied. It has already found a use in making sausages, in preserving meats, in tanning and in butter-making. A small quantity of the salt added to milk will preserve it in good condition for a week. It is also used in preserving beers and wines and is being made the subject of experiment in several other directions.

Farm and Garden.

YOUNG CALVES.—A porridge made of buckwheat flour, with a little cornmeal added, makes a good substitute for milk. It must be fed quite warm. After the calves are three weeks old feed a gill of oats twice a day. These should be boiled before feeding.

PROPAGATING GRAPE VINES ETC.—Grapes, currants, quinces, etc., may be propagated and rooted by laying down a branch, covering it with soil, and pinning it in its place in the moist earth with crotched stick; cutting the branch partly off where roots are desired facilitates rooting. Several vines may be started from one branch in this way.

SUNSTROKE.—Those liable to sunstroke should take particular pains to keep the head cool. They should wear a broad-brimmed hat with ample ventilation, and on hot days should place a wet handkerchief in the crown, often bathing the head and wrists in cold water. They should "keep the head cool" and use moderate exertion in the hottest part of the day.

DESTROYING SLUGS.—Slugs on pear, quince, or cherry trees may be destroyed by throwing dry dust upon them in the heat of the day. Lime and ashes are equally as good, and little if any better. The slime of the body which exudes most freely in the middle of a sunny day causes the dust to adhere to them, and they dry up in a few hours. The remedy needs repeating frequently, as the larvæ hatch and begin to devour the leaves when almost invisible to the naked eye.

SOWING SEEDS.—Many plant garden seeds too deep. A good method of sowing annuals is to prepare the ground carefully, and then place the seed on the top, covering them with earth to the depth of an eighth of an inch. After pressing slightly, place a bit of cotton cloth over the seed bed, and keep the cloth damp by watering it morning and night. In a week the seed will sprout, when the cloth may be removed. The young plants should be protected for a few days from the scorching heat of the afternoon sun.

WATERING PLANTS.—When it is necessary to water plants during unusually protracted droughts, first loosen the ground with a long-toothed rake, then water liberally in the evening if possible, until it is soaked half a foot or more deep. This will be much better than a dozen sprinklings. The surface of the ground should be raked after every shower or watering to prevent its baking. In the majority of cases when plants do not grow and bloom, the cause is that the ground is not rich enough. Put on plenty of well-rotted manure and dig it in well.

CARE OF COWS.—Milch cows ought to be fed meat and bran during the summer to obtain the best results from them. They should stand in a darkened stable between eleven and four o'clock, during fly time, and within these hours they may be fed. This is far better than to let them graze during the entire day, and they will prove it by results. And when you see a cow scratching against a tree be sure that she needs currying. She will stand the operation as kindly as a kitten will stand stroking. A cow needs as much currying and cleaning as a horse.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 7 1879

PRESENTLY.

NEVER say you will do presently what your reason or your conscience tells you should be done now. No man ever shaped his own destiny or the destinies of others, wisely or well, who dealt much in "presentlies." Look at Nature. She never postpones. When the time arrives for the buds to open, they open—for the leaves to fall, they fall. Look upwards. The shining worlds never put off their risings or their settings. The comets even, erratic as they are, keep their appointments; and eclipses are always punctual to the minute. There are no delays in any of the movements of the universe, which have been pre determined by the absolute fiat of the Creator. Procrastination among the stars might involve the destruction of innumerable systems; procrastination in the operations of Nature on this earth might result in famine, pestilence, and the blotting out of the human race. Man, however, being a free agent, can postpone the performance of his duty; and he does so too frequently—sometimes to his own destruction. The drafts drawn by indolence upon the future are pretty sure to be dishonored. Take "now" your banker. Do not say you will economize presently, for presently you may be bankrupt; nor that you will prevent and make atonement presently, for presently you may be judged. Bear in mind the important fact, taught alike by the history of nations, rulers, and private individuals, that in at least three cases out of five, presently is too late.

THE instant you enter a house, whether rich or poor, you know whether it belongs to a clever housekeeper or not. It is not in the kind or amount of property or furniture, but it is in its disposition, in the art with which everything is made to look its best. She is never taken at a disadvantage. She it is who keeps the house on those fabulous sums which drive the more lavish housewives to despair, and cause a frenzy of admiration in their less fortunate possessors, yet who always has a well filled larder, and can produce a better supply at a moment's notice than many others with double her weekly allowance. With her hands full to overflowing she never lets fall the smallest remnant of duty, and even contrives to hold to the skirts of some pleasure as well; she finds time for everything she has to do, and a proper place for everything she has to keep; she is never hurried, but punctual, timely and exact. The clever housekeeper has rarely unruly children. Industrious herself, she compels others to be industrious as well, and thus cuts off a large source of rebellion and disaffection.

THIS is a lesson which cannot be too earnestly impressed upon the young. Even the oldest may profit by heeding it: No person of experience but knows the ill policy of poorly done work, and yet the world is filled with botching. It is labor going to its task slip-shod, caring not for personal accomplishment, but only to provide for the moment's emergency. Half the world's work has to be mended almost as soon as done, the half doing and mendings producing at best only wretched, slovenly results—costing more than would, with greater care and patience, have done everything well. Every man, however poorly he may do himself, is quick to appreciate what is well done; so that well-doing commands the best market for labor, and gives the greatest profit equally to the serving and the served. If work is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. Plant well, cultivate well, build well, think well, act well, and live well, and all will be well; or, if the aggregate result chance to be ill, we shall not have to reproach ourselves with neglect of means and opportunities.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A NOVELTY in this market has come in the shape of Japanese napkins and handkerchiefs of unique designs, but quite as serviceable for many uses as the more costly linen fabrics. They are soon to become very popular at lawn parties and strawberry festivals.

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AT the recent meeting of the French Academy M. de Magnac read a memoir on a new nautical instrument which he calls a navisphere. It is described as a simple instrument, showing at once, and without calculation the names of the stars above the horizon at any given moment, with their altitudes and azimuths to within one degree.

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PROFESSOR VENNOR is again out with his doleful predic ions. He says: Judging from the movements of the Spring birds, I feel certain we are going to experience a wet summer with frequent cold relapses and severe frosts, the same condition to extend through a large portion, also, of the United States. The winter of 1879-80 will be again severe, with many heavy snowfalls.

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THE Empress of Japan sets a good example to the ladies of the realm. She has attained great skill in silk weaving, and has wrought with her own fair and nimble fingers two sets of garments intended for the use of the Emperor and her mother in law. His Majesty is also of a prudent mind. At an entertainment given by him to the members of his Council he made a speech, in which he rebuked some of them for living too luxuriously in splendid mansions. He told them that this would estrange the people, and he bade them be more frugal in the future.

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IT is now stated that the Czar, instead of behaving in the plucky manner related in telegrams on the occasion of his being shot at, first became speechless, and then ran away crying for help; and that before he was able to return to the Winter Palace he twice broke down from fear and exhaustion. It is also said that he "had felt somewhat shaken," and the assumption is not unwarranted that he wore a coat of mail. The *Examiner*, in giving these particulars, derived from private letters from Russia, adds that coats of mail are now ordered for all the chief police officials. A German paper publishes the statement that the Emperor William was profoundly impressed by the news of the attack, and burst into tears when he read the telegram.

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AT a recent congress of physicians who make a specialty of complaints of children, held in Berlin, Dr. Winckel described a new and mysterious disease which has broken out in Dresden, and which is so fatal that out of twenty three cases treated nineteen died. The first symptoms are difficult respiration and froth on the lips, and the most singular feature of the complaint is an extraordinary change in the blood, which becomes of a dark brown color and of a syrup like consistence, and will only flow from a wound under strong pressure. Convulsions soon set in, and the child dies in about thirty-two hours from the beginning of the attack. Dr. Winckel proposed to call the complaint "Cyanosis afebrilis ieterica perniciosa cum hæmoglobinuria," but the president of the congress suggested the shorter and more sensible title of Winckel's disease.

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THE search for Dr. Nordenskjold, of the Swedish Polar Expedition, will result in the despatching of various expeditions to the Arctic regions this season. Dr. Nordenskjold had hoped in August last to reach Behring's Strait in a short time, but since the 27th of the month named, when the ship Lena left the Swedish explorer, no tidings of him have been received. The expedition now preparing will set out to render aid as soon as possible. The Russian Government has ordered the Governor of East Siberia to despatch an expedition to the north overland. The Jeanette is expected to sail from San Francisco shortly. It is the intention of this expedition to secure dogs in Alaska, and proceed immediately to the north. Another expedition, under the command of Captain Sengstackle, will also be despatched to the north. This party has been equipped by M. Sibiriakoff, and is provided with a powerful iron screw [illegible]

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IN Russia the Nihilist terror is evidently unabated, but the reports of the repressive measures taken by the Government of the Czar seem to have been greatly exaggerated. The St. Petersburg official newspapers reduce the number of arrests from thousands to hundreds, and declare that the army is all right as to loyalty. It is asserted that only three commissioned officers have been arrested since February last, one of whom has already been hanged for participation in the murder of Gen. Mezenzoff. The Emperor is quietly residing in the Crimea, where Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the newly elected ruler of Bulgaria, is to pay him a visit. The vast empire is to remain for a month or two under the rule of half a dozen Governor Generals holding dictatorial powers, and of a central governmental committee under the presidency of the Heir Apparent. The Czar will resume the reins in July, upon his return to Peterhoff, his suburban residence.

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THE girdle presented as a wedding gift to the Empress Marie Louise by Napoleon, and bequeathed by the Empress in 1847 to the late Countess of Westmoreland, is to be sold under the hammer in London. The ceinture is of gold, the design being classic, the style of the Empire, formed of two narrow bands of open work, set with pearls in the form of the Greek honeysuckle at the edges, and joining at the centre with a a large antique onyx cameo of Apollo and a muse, from which hangs a long pendant, increasing in width down to the lowest edge, where it is ornamented with five imperial crowns, each having a tassel of loose pearls. The pendant, being flexible, is made of broad open work links of two patterns, repeated alternately, and gradually larger and larger from the waist downward. One of these is a sort of a true lover's knot, inclosing a wreath with a star of gold; the other, a wreath with the Napoleon bee. The edges are ornamented throughout with honeysuckle ornaments in pearls.

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A CIRCULAR has been issued giving some further information concerning the conditions of admission to the courses of study offered to women by the professors and other instructors of Harvard College. Any one will be admitted to the instruction who presents herself at the preliminary examination for women, and passes satisfactorily in any eight of the following subjects: 1, English; 2, Physical Geography; 3 Botany or Physics; 4 Mathematics 1 (Arithmetic, Algebra, through equations of the first degree, including Proportions, Fractions, and Common Divisor), 5, Mathematics 2 (Algebra through Quadratics, Plain Geometry); 6, History; 7, French; 8, German; 9, Latin; 10, Greek. This examination will be held in Cambridge, New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, beginning Wednesday, May 28, 1879. The regular fee for the examination is $16. For this year a special examination will be held in Cambridge during the last week in September, for those who are unable to be present at the regular time. Advanced examinations in Greek, Latin and Mathematics, or any of them, may be substituted for the same number of preliminary examinations in other departments.

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THE festivities which have lately taken place at Amsterdam show anew the fallacy of the assumption that Europe is becoming Republican. The old King of Holland is supposed to be detested by his subjects just as much as his late wife, who died a little over a year ago, was adored by them. He is an old debauchee of sixty-two years of age, and has compromised himself all over the world by his attentions to women, including the famous Mme. Musard, and more recently with the charming Morocco prima donna, Mme. Ambre. When his marriage with the young Princess of Waldeck Pyrmont was announced, there was a general outcry throughout the quaint and sluggish Netherlands. The outside world supposed that the King would not dare to impose his new wife upon his subjects. It appears, however, that he has done so, and with great success, too. After his wedding tour he returned to Amsterdam, and was received as heartily as he could wish. The festivities lasted for several days, and the loyal citizens of Amsterdam presented the new Queen with a superb set of diamonds. Since the capital of Holland is famous as a centre of the world's trade in jewels, the splendor of the jewels can be imagined.

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THE Khoomb or Duodecennial Festival of Hurdwar threatens to be as disastrous in its consequences as was that of 1867. A report received some weeks ago, that from 20 000 to 30 000 pilgrims had died from cholera while returning from the great Religious Fair held at that place is substantially confirmed in the current cable news. From 750 000 to 1 000 000 pilgrims are said to have assembled at Hurdwar, and, despite the precautions taken by the authorities, cholera in a severe form broke out before the close of the fair. The streams of returning pilgrims carried the disease in various directions towards their homes, and outbreaks have been reported from Delhi, Umritsur, Rawul, Pindee, and other places of Northern India. At the last-mentioned station some cases appeared among the European troops. Hurdwar is a town of British India 100 miles northeast of Delhi. It has a population of about 5 000, besides many fakirs or members of the mendicant order who dwell in caves. It is situated on the holy river Ganges, and is a celebrated place of pilgrimage. Immense multitudes of religious enthusiasts assemble here during every vernal equinox to bathe in the river, but every twelfth year is regarded as especially holy. It is this duodecennial festival which has just been observed, the great feature of it being the Fair, which is renowned throughout India. As many as 2 000 000 pilgrims have been known to assemble on these occasions.

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ANOTHER crowned woman-hater, King Louis II. of Bavaria, seems recently to have resumed the course of his musical eccentricities. Almost every week he treats himself to a grand opera performed at the Royal Theatre of Munich exclusively for himself. Even the superintendent of the opera house is not allowed to be present. A footman remains in attendance behind the door of the royal box, and conveys to the artists after each act the compliments or reproofs of His Majesty. Recently a prima donna of the name of Herzfelt was discharged on the spot for having in some way displeased the King. The King of Spain, on the other hand, seems to have made up his mind not to remain single. A marriage between him and the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria has been definitely arranged, and is to take place at the expiration of the one year's mourning for the dead Queen Mercedes. The Archduchess is a handsome and accomplished girl of twenty one, the daughter of the late Archduke Charles Ferdinand. Her mother, Archduchess Elizabeth, was married twice, her first husband being Archduke Ferdinand Charles Victor d'Este of the Modena branch of the Hapsburg-Lorraine house. This match of the young Archduchess has been a favorite idea with her uncle, the Emperor Francis Joseph, and was discussed previous to the sad marriage of Alfonso to his cousin Mercedes. This matrimonial alliance between Spain and Austria is not unlikely to be a double one, for the Crown Prince Rudolph, now on a visit to Madrid, undertook the journey for the purpose of courting King Alfonso's sister, the Infanta Maria del Pilar.

WAITING.

BY J. L. T.

Yesterday's cup was brimming,
To the curving rim with hope;
As flowers to the bee awaken,
So did the glad hours ope
With songs of heart's soft humming,
Full of deep delight,
As it crooned over happiness coming,
The joy that should come with night;
But it blossoms not with the night.

As mute as the morn with waiting,
Faint fall the bee's light wings,
And lower is now the humming
Of the murmuring song she sings,
The passionate prince of the garden
In the pride of his purple may woo,
But the queen knows where is the nectar,
And she turns, sweet flower, to you—
She waits for ambrosia and you!

Waits for the honeyed blooming
Of the sweetest blossom of all,
Will it open its fragrant petals
And answer her earnest call?
Will he come as the shadows lengthen,
Till they fade in the far-away light,
And fill the cup of to-morrow
With a dew of a glad to-night?
Will he come, waiting heart, to-night?

Bud and Blossom.

BY MARKHAM HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE ROOT.

IT was the quiet evening time, and Josephine and I were lingering in the garden. As this was the last day she was to spend with me in my country cottage, it was little wonder that I lingered, or that I watched the setting of the sun with such regret. Josie had her gardening tools around her, and had been feigning to work hard at a slip of flower-bed under the particular window where I generally sat; but she had done nothing worth remarking upon, and now sat in unmistakable idleness on the outer ledge of this same window. She wore an old white sun bonnet of my own—an ugly thing enough in itself—tilted over her eyes—not so much, I fancied, because the red sunlight dazzled them or because the sorrowful shadow of our parting was upon them; but below it her face was prettier than any flower in all my bright old fashioned garden.

Twenty years before that night, Josie's mother and I had lived together in this pleasant little country cottage; and I—her elder sister so many years—felt almost as much her guardian then as I felt myself Josephine's guardian now. But from the day on which Sir Lewis Winter met her in the river-meadows all this was changed. How subtly the change came I could never tell; and when Sir Lewis took my sister away from me I felt—as certainly as if he had said it—that we two sisters would never be allowed to meet again.

Two years later the news of her death came to me just as it would have come to a stranger.

Soon afterwards—not in answer to my urgent prayer—I had felt that from the first, and now I knew it for a certainty—Sir Lewis sent his little girl to me; and here in the old cottage she has been allowed to grow up with me, until at last I had begun to hope her father would leave my sister's child with me. But, now that she had grown into such a dear companion, he had sent to summon her in London. Hopeless though I felt it all to be, I had urged and pleaded, if only to obtain a delay. But Josephine's father had made his own plans, and was as firm in this as he had been in other things—cruel over it, too, as he had been over other things.

There was one hope I had lately been nourishing, which I knew could never now have its fulfilment; and it was on this disappointment that my thoughts were resting most heavily to night. Just before me, in the valley where the sunlight still lay in its beauty, stood a large farm which, in our childhood, long years before, had been a kind of fairy-land to Josephine's mother and to me, just as, later on, it was to seem to Josephine herself. The master of the pleasant farmstead now was a kindly young English gentleman, whose happy face it did one good to look upon, and for whom the picturesque old house would have been a dearer home, I think, full soon, if Sir Lewis's letter had not disturbed all our dreams of the future. I was still thinking of that home which might have been Josephine's, when its master opened my garden-gate, and came up to us with his hands full of flower roots. I could see that he was looking nervous and anxious; and, knowing that Josephine must see it too, I hoped she would be kind and gentle to him on this last night. But I did not feel sure at all—I never could feel sure of Josephine's moods.

"These are the roots of London Pride," Graham Harrington said, laying them down upon the path, before he gave us his hand. "You said you wanted a border of it for this bed, Josie. It will look very prim and old fashioned—but still you wished it."

"Did I?" inquired Josephine, her eyes demure under the tilted sun-bonnet, which on any other day she would have stuck on a tree or thrown upon the ground at Graham's approach. "I forgot. Is there any covert insinuation in your bringing that flower to me to night?"

"How——Oh, I see! No, indeed. I never thought of its name," returned Graham, flushing a little at her words. "But do you know I did think, as I carried it here, that the flower reminded me of you. I had never noticed it before."

"How?"

He had taken a plant in his hand, and her eyes rested on it, with his, amused and questioned. Josie, like most young and pretty girls, rather enjoyed a conversation of which she was the subject.

"I hardly know exactly," Graham answered; "it is a something I cannot explain. Look closely at the flower, and I think you will understand better."

"It is lanky," suggested Josie.

"Take the blossom between your fingers and examine its dainty beauty."

"Pretty is it?" she queried carelessly. "No; I still think the name gave you the first idea. Of course, after to-morrow the likeness will be natural."

"Yes. You will have an excuse for being proud," said Graham, gazing into her face with a sad intentness which seemed now to his happy eyes. "What sort of a life will you live there, Josie?"

"Papa has a beautiful house," the girl answered; while even I fancied her delight was real; "and I shall ride, and drive, and dance, and dress beautifully, and not look at all as I do now."

"I hope you will not."

But Josie's eyes had sought mine now hurriedly.

"I cannot imagine how the garden can be managed without me."

"If this evening's work is a specimen of your skill and industry, it will be managed easily," said I, "and for once I shall store some nuts."

"But you'll store the earwigs too," cried Josie delightedly, though her lips trembled a little, as they had done once or twice before when she had met my eyes. "Now I'm going to gather the cherries for tea."

"They grow too high for you," suggested Graham; "I must come."

"Look—a pig in the kitchen garden!"

The two young figures started at a rush for the kitchen garden, and I sat and watched them, with tears of real laughter in my eyes, up and down the paths, round and round the trees, dodging the pig and each other, Graham leaping over whole beds of vegetables, and Josie skipping among them, sinking exhausted in their midst, and using the sun-bonnet as a missile! And all the time the air was full of clear merry laughter, Graham's gay directions to his assistant, defiance hurled at his prey, and the bright raised tones and still gayer rebellion of Josie. The happy sounds came down to me upon the quiet evening air, and as I looked and listened my heart indeed was sad. After the morrow Graham would have no one but me to speak to when he came over from his solitary home. After the morrow Josie would have no one to laugh and race and jest with.

With a merry shout of my own name they ran up to me at last, their faces bright with exercise, their eyes full of glad excitement. So the two faces were to haunt me often afterwards.

"Miss Trotwood's donkeys," laughed Josie, pushing back her hair—the sun-bonnet was lying on a cabbage up in the kitchen-garden—"were nothing to these strolling pigs. Auntie, who will chase them when I am gone? But I shall have no pigs to chase in London."

"Luckily you will have no garden," I remarked, rising when I saw how the brightness died from Graham's face at her words; "gardening is not your forte."

"No, no gardening," returned Josie coolly; "I shall be generally reading novels. What shall you be doing, Mr. Harrington?"

"Missing you," said Graham, very low and earnestly.

"And you, auntie? Oh! I know," she whispered, answering herself, as she slipped her arms softly around my neck. "You will always be writing long, long letters to me, telling me everything — everything. You must write a long one every day, and post it every night."

"The prospect is alluring my dear. Now go and make the tea."

When she was gone Graham, lingering beside me, tried to win me to talk of Josephine's father; but I could not. Sir Lewis Winter might not now be the man he used to be; and, even if so, I had little right to speak of his old faults.

When we went in to tea, we found Josephine as gay and pretty as if no future parting had ever thrown a shadow over her; but Graham's face was sad enough when at last he rose to go; though that was not to be his good-bye, for it had been arranged—at his request—that in the morning he should drive round to the cottage and take us to the station.

When he was gone, all Josephine's fictitious gaiety went too, and she sat beside my chair as quiet as a mouse, until I, finding the silence hardest of all to bear from her, roused her to talk of the life that awaited her in London.

"When may I come back to you, auntie?"

That was her only question — and I thought it best to tell her plainly what it was harder for me to say than for her to hear.

"Josie darling you will never come back to the old life; and I fear your father will not even let you come to see me."

"Oh, auntie, he could not be so cruel!" she cried piteously. "Is he cruel?"

I could only tell her that I knew but little of her father. Poor child, it was enough to tell.

"And you will come and see us, auntie?" she pleaded.

That question I could only turn aside, reminding her that, as I made such a fuss over traveling just five miles in to the country town, it was not at all likely that I should ever find courage to travel five hundred and fifty alone. And I did not add—what I felt she would hardly understand—that probably she herself would never ask me to do this when she knew her father better.

Suddenly, in the silence that followed my words, Josephine jumped up and took the railway-guide to the table, studying it closely under the lamp for a long time.

"Auntie," she exclaimed at last, turning with a long breath of relief, "there is another train which reaches Birmingham in time for the last Great Western to Paddington! Oh, I wish I had looked again while Graham was here! That early morning parting is so bleak and bitter, and the day so long to—to any one left behind. We must let Graham know that he can come for us at twelve instead of eight."

We both rejoiced over this, as if four weeks were gained instead of four hours, and I asked Josephine at once to write to Mr. Harrington.

"I've packed my desk, auntie—may I use yours?"

I watched her take an envelope and address it, and I wondered to see her so long over the task. It took her but a few moments on other days to address a letter to Graham, yet now she lingered over every stroke of her pen as if she wrote the name in a dream. She had only just finished it when Graham's own rap upon the outer-door made us both start; yet, when he came into the room, Josephine turned to him with indescribable coolness.

"Auntie and I were just writing to you," she observed, as if she and I were accustomed to write our letters jointly.

"Were you? Give me the letter, please," he said.

"Why did you come back?" she asked, as she quietly slipped the empty envelope back into my desk and closed and locked it.

"Because I have been to the station and find that if you travel by the mid day train ——"

"And I have been to the guide book and found the same!" put in Josie merrily. "That is what we were writing to you about."

"I want to ask you once again," said Graham, coloring painfully as he spoke, "to let me see you all the way to Paddington. I would take all troubles off of your hands, and could bring Miss Herbert news of your safe arrival."

Josie would not hear of this. She declined with a haste which pained him much, as I could see. But then I could not help agreeing with her when she explained her reason to me afterwards—

"Papa might be angry, or might be curious, or might even laugh; and then I should feel I had wronged Graham."

When Mr. Harrington had received his answer, and once more said good night, I guessing what he would like and perhaps what Josephine would like too, proposed that we should walk with him down the garden.

The May moon at its full was shining softly down upon the valley; and the young leaves of the ash above the garden-gate were as still as if they had hushed their sweet night-whispers in pity for the mute grave pain upon the young man's face. And it was then I noticed for the first time that in Josephine's dress was placed a sprig of the quaint little flower Graham had brought.

"I hope," she said, looking slowly round, her eyes soft and shadowy in the moonlight, "that everything will look exactly as it looks now when I come back."

"When you come back!" echoed Graham sadly.

"You seem to think that will never be," put in Josie, with a hurried little shake of her head. "So, Graham, when I picture my return, one of the chief features of the picture must be your surprise at seeing me."

"If you ever think of me at all," the young man added, still with the gloom so unusual to him. "What stray thought of yours will ever reach me? It is just as it, with exquisite rare flowers round you, you could miss this scentless and insignificant one." And shyly, and full tenderly, he touched the little blossom in her dress.

"Possibly," said Josephine, in a tone which, though debonair, was very gentle, "I may miss even my London Pride."

"You can take a root, my dear," I suggested, practically.—"I will, auntie."

"Josephine"—young Harrington's voice was full of eager anxiety when he presently broke the pause—"if you ever feel that you would care to see me—I have no right to expect it, and I do not expect it, for in your father's house, and among his friends, you will soon forget me, of course—but if it should be that you need me, or think of anything which you would let me do for you, then just send me a spray of this flower, which I shall love from to night. Send only a spray of this, without one single word, and I will come to you wherever I may be. I shall understand."

My child laughed a little at his earnest words; but after he was gone, while we stood together at the gate, she was quite silent for her, while her arm was round me lovingly. Perhaps unshed tears stayed her words, as they stayed my own.

CHAPTER II.

THE LEAF.

I shall never forget the loneliness of those summer months after Josephine left me. I strove hard and earnestly against my depression, but the lost was ever present to me; the solitude intruded on every effort to dispel it; and, beyond this, the fear kept the wound ever opened for me—the fear for my child's present life. At first her letters had been just like our old chats, mentioning everything. But presently they changed, and she wrote only of her old life with me—not a word now of her London home, of her pleasure and gaieties, of her acquaintances and occupations—not a word of longing to come back—none of the old girlish speeches, always beginning, "I wish," or "I hope," or "I wonder"—not a word of her father, and, above all, never one word of Graham—never one word. Over these letters my old eyes grew dim and tearful; though the worst thought was that other tears had often fallen on them first.

Graham Harrington came to the cottage as often during that summer as he had been accustomed to come; but I rarely heard the old ring of happiness in his voice now.

Hour after hour would he sit with me through those lovely evenings, waiting and listening for news of Josephine; or he would water and weed her favorite flower-beds; or perhaps he and I would sit—just as Josie and I used to sit in the sunsetting—silent and thoughtful, with utter confidence in each other. And at such times as these it was that Graham would win me to read him bits of her letters.

But as time went on I grew to dread doing this, until at last I left it off entirely; for when I read her words aloud I could hear so plainly the sound of tears in them!

Slowly the winter came upon us—upon me still lonely at the cottage—upon Graham still lonely at the farm. Sometimes I wished that he would resolve to go, in spite of all seeming obstacles, to see my darling. But he never guessed this. He had neither the pride nor the suspicion which would have encouraged such a guess. He pictured Josephine's father, a noble honorable gentleman, moving in a world in which, he said, he had no place. So, as he had not been able to read the truth in what I read him, could I bear to tell it?

At last there came one winter morning when I rose with a new resolution in my mind—I would go myself to see my child. All these harassing and wearing doubts, which kept me awake and restless night after night, should be set at rest. I might be of no use to her; I might not be needed to help or comfort; I might even vex her by my presence. Still I would go, for there was another possibility. So I rose and dressed and started, before I had really given myself time to wonder over my own decision.

What a journey it was for me! I gave myself up for lost over and over again, and resigned all hope of arriving at my destination. But I asked a great many questions and got a great deal of help and so managed at last to reach London, with the loss of only one glove, my umbrella, and my pocket-handkerchief.

Before I called at Sir Lewis Winter's house I engaged rooms near for myself, and left my box there.

Miss Winter was at home alone—so the footman told me, eyeing me curiously from the brilliant hall, as if Miss Winter's lady-callers were rare. Would I walk upstairs?

When my eyes fell on her at last, the tears came with the pain of sudden blindness—and yet in that moment I did not know why. She was sitting before the fire alone, in a long, beautifully furnished room. Her dress was handsome and costly, but I missed in a moment the dainty and bright little tricks of finery which used to vex my stiff old fashioned taste, yet in which—as I was generally obliged to confess to my mortification—my pet always looked so pretty. Before she turned and saw me, I had time to notice this, and that her beautiful face was worn and pale. A moment after she rose with a cry, and her face was hidden on my neck. We sat down before the fire, she and I, when she had taken my shawl and bonnet, and we talked as—I was going

to say as we used to talk, but, ah, it was so different!

I could say very little, and so long pauses ensued between us; while all the time Josie clung to me, as if it were enough for her to see and feel me there, even if I did not speak. Looking wistfully into my face, she would ask me of a hundred things—of myself, of the cottage, of her birds and flowers, of the ash-tree at the gate, of the strolling pigs, of the servants, and of the poor. Then, turning her face quite away again, she would tell me how pleasant it was to see me, though I should be always sorry that I came. Never once I noticed, did she even mention Graham Harrington's name.

"Papa will not be in to-night," she said presently; "we shall be together. Let me hasten dinner, or, auntie"—while a sudden gleam of pleasure lighted up her face—"shall we have tea together—a dinner tea, as we used to have at the cottage when we had been traveling all the five miles from the town? Do."

Of course I liked the idea; but then whatever she had proposed, with such a flash of gladness in her yearning eyes, I should have chosen above all things.

Just then a servant entered the room and mentioned to Josephine the name of a foreign gentleman who waited to see her. Josie rose, chill and stern, when the man had left the room.

"Why go, my dear?" I asked. "Why not have sent word to him that you were engaged?"

"I dare not," she answered—and the three low words told me the whole story of her father's rule. "But you will come with me, auntie? Come with me," she pleaded, with such real piteous earnestness that I, tired and travel-stained though I was followed her into the drawing-room.

That next hour showed my child to me in an entirely new light. With a calm and quiet grace, totally at variance with her old winning changeful moods she received the eager attentions of this German Count, who, it was evident, had paid many such visits as this before. No wonder I contrasted my child's behavior to him with her old treatment of Graham. There was a patient hearing of all he had to say—a patient bearing of his eager attentions—no defiance, no coyness, no teasing, no laughter even to remind me of the old pleasant evening times when Graham came to the cottage.

Now and then I tried to win Count Allersdorf to converse with me, that Josie might feel the relief; but—very naturally, I suppose—he made the conversations as short as possible, and I could see that he would have been much more grateful to me if I had left the room altogether. Just when I began to hope there was a prospect of his leaving, he handed Josephine a parcel, and told her it was the duet of which he had spoken to her the previous day. Would she try it with him then? For an instant she turned away with impatient weariness, and then as suddenly she checked herself and took the music to the piano. But to see them together there—the middle-aged dissipated man of the world and the child who had grown up with me so close to my heart—and to hear their voices blending in this unhomely room, was almost more than I could bear.

When Count Allersdorf left at last, Josephine uttered no word about him, but took me out of the drawing-room hastily. After tea we talked together again, still with that heavy silence falling upon us now and then, and still with the sound of unshed tears always paining me in my darling's voice. At last, after waiting in vain for the words I expected, I asked Josie why she had never inquired after Graham Harrington.

"Why should I? What have he and I in common now?" And the question was asked by her even in deeper humility than it had been asked by him.

"He will want to hear all about you, Josie."

"But—but you will not tell him?" she cried, her voice stirred and shaken by its great earnestness and fear. "Oh, do not tell him! Promise me, auntie!"

"Why?"

"Because—oh, auntie, you do not understand—you never can understand! Could I bear that he should scorn me, as all honorable men who—who know us scorn me?"

"Tell me why, Josie. Your old guardian aunt should know the truth."

"But if you are happier not knowing it?"—and the girl's voice broke in a tearless sob. "Oh, auntie, why did you let me come here?"

"I knew but little, my dear, of the life to which you were coming, though enough to make me try, with all the power I had to keep you. My letters were always returned—at first with insult, afterwards unopened—and I could do nothing more. I had no legal right over Sir Lewis's child. Before you were born, my dear, I knew your father was a gambler; but there were time when I hoped his life was different now. How is it, Josie? You have every sign about you of great wealth."

"Yes, every sign," she answered, with a shudder. "But, oh, they fill me with such contempt—for him and for myself—and such deep, deep shame!"

"Because the wealth is obtained—so?" I questioned, very low.

"Yes."

"If he would but let you come back!" I said, but with no hope myself.

"Let me come back!" she echoed, with bitter sadness. "Oh, auntie, you do not understand!"

"I think I do, my dear," I said; for, though I had lived in the country all my life, I had read and heard of such things as this—and I knew a little of Sir Lewis Winter.

"Auntie"—my child's voice was almost strange to me in its intense and dreary scorn—"he makes me aid in his schemes now. At first there were terrible times, when he had to use his authority; and, oh, auntie, more than once I have run away—run away"—ah, it was so pitiful to see the girl glance timidly round the room as if in dread of her own words!—"trying to come back to you, and he overtook me and brought me back! And—and now he has prevented me from ever dreaming again of that rescue; and to this day he makes a taunting jest of it when—when we are alone."

"That need not hurt you, dear," I said, though I hardly knew why, for my blood was boiling with indignation.

"And you cannot guess"—the faltering voice was striving hard to be steady—"the lowest shame of all. Oh, don't put your arm about me, and don't look at me so tenderly! I can bear it all better when I feel isolated, as I did before you came. Listen! Again and again he has promised me to—to gentlemen who come here unsuspecting—who know us only as a rich Baronet and his—his heiress. He leads them on to play, and—and to admire me; and—oh, you can guess how it ends! Sometimes they bid me good bye—ruined men. Sometimes"—the girl's white lips were rigid now, and would hardly frame the words—"sometimes they see it all in time, and utter their contempt to me. How can you ever even faintly dream of the agony of listening to such words as these? But he does not care. The next day he will offer his patronage and his daughter to another—to one perhaps who openly laughs at the thought of wedding the gambler's daughter, whose name is jested over in a hundred card and billiard rooms—the girl whose father"—with such an effort did the young lips frame the word which ought to be lovingly uttered—"offers her for sale to any rich man whom he can make his dupe." The tears were coming slowly at last into the feverish wide eyes. "Now you see how hopelessly I have drifted from the old life, and from you, and from—Graham."

"And have you no power to resist Sir Lewis's commands, Josie?" I asked, holding her to me.

"No; I have tried and tried, but all in vain. What is my will against his? And—and he is my father. Oh, auntie if I had only died before I had this to tell—died, with my hands and heart unsullied, in that dear little home of yours!"

"And"—I felt I must speak now, hard as the words were to utter—"this gentleman who sang with you to day?"

"He," replied my child, with a sudden tightening of her lips, "has my father's last promise; and he—he will have it kept. In only a few days I am to marry him—if I live. Sometimes I feel as if life could not last over that."

"I wonder," said I, trying to speak quite quietly, "what Graham will say about this."

Josephine started up, with a cry that pierced my heart.

"Graham! Tell Graham? Oh, auntie, you will not tell Graham? If you are to tell him, I can even wish you had not come, though you can never know what joy it was to me to see your face again. Oh, auntie, don't tell Graham! Graham must not know till—till he hears of it afterwards, as others will. Promise—promise! I will hold you so until you promise!"

She was on her knees beside me now, her hot and restless fingers tightly clasping mine. I saw with what terrible eagerness the request came straight from her heart; yet how could I promise to stand quietly by and see her sacrificed? Waiting for my answer, she clung to me, and held me, and cried in such passionate pleading that I could no longer keep silence, looking on the white face of the child I loved so dearly.

"My dear, could this misery be greater for you just from the fact of Graham Harrington's knowing it?"

"Oh, a thousand times greater," she cried—"a thousand times!"

So though I had fought against it resolutely, I promised after all not to tell Graham—not to tell him—as she insisted, either by word of mouth or by letter. And when I had made the promise I felt that I was the most to be pitied of us all, so utterly disheartened and beyond hope did I feel; while Josie, trying piteously to stay her tears now she had won the promise, thanked me with broken eagerness.

I stayed as late as I dared with my child, and then went away for the night. But it was a useless ceremony to go to bed, for all the sleep or rest I got. Never in my life before had I spent such a night as that. The promise I had given to Josephine was a binding one, and shut me off from all help in winning her back. I could only return alone, and leave my child to finish the shameful career which her father had shaped for her. I could make one more appeal to him, but that was all; and, knowing him, I had no hope at all in that.

I went to his house very early that I might find him at home, but early as it was, Sir Lewis was out. He and Miss Winter were riding, the servant told me, but Miss Winter had left a note for me in her own room.

I thanked the man, knowing this latter part of the message had been privately entrusted to him, and I went up stairs alone. I could not bear even to glance into the handsome rooms as I passed. I felt as if I never again should care to enter a house where wealth and luxury abounded. I found my way easily to Josephine's room, and there I saw the note lying on a table beside the fire. Holding it in my hand, I tried to prepare myself for the worst that it could tell, while my eyes lingered on the signs of my child's late presence. Gradually the difference between this room and those below struck me, with a vague reminder of my own cottage home; and this increased tenfold when I saw, on the little table besides Josephine's seat at the fire, a flower pot containing a root of London Pride. The tears rose thickly to my eyes as my thoughts went suddenly back to that night when Josephine wore the flower in her dress, and Graham had touched it, while we stood with him in the moonlight at the garden gate.

All at once a memory came to me, which made my heart beat with a new sudden strength of hope. Then my hands trembled so and my eyes grew so dim that I could scarcely read Josie's note. I had to go through it several times before I could fully understand what it told. Sir Lewis had heard of my visit, and also that I intended to return to the country on the following Wednesday; so he had taken his daughter away, professedly for a ride but she said they would not return till the Thursday morning, when her marriage settlements were to be signed. Then came a few sad loving words to me, and then a reminder of my promise, but this did not dishearten me as it would have done a few minutes before. I folded my child's letter and put it away, took a leaf from the little plant beside the fire, and left the room and the house.

When I reached my own lodgings, I opened my desk and took from it the envelope which Josephine had herself addressed to Graham on the night before she came to London. I had never torn it nor thrown it away, for every memory of that last night was too precious to me now. I put the leaf in without a word of writing, sealed the envelope, and took it out myself and posted it. Then, for the first time allowing myself to think it over, I grew terribly afraid of what I had done.

CHAPTER III.

THE FLOWER.

I did not go to Sir Lewis Winter's house again until the Thursday morning on which the marriage settlements were to be signed. Early as it was, I found Sir Lewis and Miss Winter had just returned.

There came no tears to Josephine's eyes when she met me in her own room, for the misery was far beyond tears now. Though her hands shook almost helplessly as she changed her habit, she would not summon her maid. I tried to help or to comfort her, but failed most utterly.

"Why are you not gone home, auntie?" she cried, while yet she clung to me as if she could never let me go. "It will be hard for you, and harder than ever for me. Papa has no idea you can have stayed; he just sent to hasten me. They are waiting for me in the library now."

"Smooth your hair, my darling," said I, speaking quite placidly to all seeming.

"I look," remarked Josephine, smiling coldly at her reflection in the glass, "very like a bride, auntie, don't I? Did you ever in old times dream of my marrying? I fancy you did, you were so good to me—ah, so fond of me! If so, did you picture this face? You hardly recognised it on Monday when you came; but it is years older now, isn't it? Auntie, why did you come? It was as if some one called me back from the grave to life again—real life I mean, loving and innocent and true. It—it is harder to turn back to the grave now!"

I could not speak. I had moved away, and was folding my child's habit in a most ridiculous manner.

"There—I am ready!" Josephine's chill low voice startled me again, "Kiss me now, auntie. It is good-bye—a long, hopeless good bye!"

"I am coming with you. I shall wait to see my child true to herself, brave at the last."

"How—how?" she faltered.

"True to her own heart and to the man she loves—brave to choose right and truth, even though wrong and falsehood are thrust upon her."

"But," she cried, in a voice of keen, quick anguish, "I have tried, and failed; and now——"

I did not let her finish the sentence. I took her cold hand in mine and kissed her, and then we went down stairs together.

I shall never forget the look Sir Lewis gave when he saw me, for it told so much which his assumed suavity could not afterwards hide. I took my seat in the room as quietly and easily as if I had been summoned; but I tried to look away from Josephine to the gentleman who was chosen for her husband. How he, of all men, could bear to look upon my child's white face I do not know. There was a lawyer present; but unlike me, he seemed to see nothing of what was going on.

While her father was reading over one of the papers, Josephine went up to Count Allersdorf and spoke to him, slowly and gently. I forgot her words, but they were a last plea to be released from the marriage which he was forcing upon her—such a touching, pitiful appeal!

I fancied perhaps she would not have said this at the last moment if I had not whispered those words to her up stairs, for her eyes sought mine with a quiet hopelessness when he eagerly answered that he was prepared to teach her to love him after their marriage.

Sir Lewis had at first turned angrily to stop his daughter's words, but he had paused now to listen to a strange voice and step in the hall. Just as the Count gave Josephine the cruel selfish answer, which he uttered with much ardent impressiveness, the library door was opened for a gentleman to enter, and the sound of his step, quiet but fearless, set all my pulses throbbing.

There was a cry from my child's white lips, and it sent me to her side in a nameless fear. But it was a sudden life, not death, and then I knew that Graham had not come too late.

I saw at once what a good thing it was that he had been summoned only by Josephine's emblem. He was quite certain now that she herself had sent for him, and he took her hand with a proud, prompt confidence which in a moment gave him the advantage over his rival, and which could not have belonged to Graham's humble, anxious love, if he had not felt that she herself had acknowledged her need of him at last.

The story was soon told him—and my child told it herself in a few low, broken, troubled words—and then, under his quiet firm protection, and feeling how steady and fearless was his love, all the strength she needed came to her. There was a troubled and miserable scene for us all then, and others followed; yet Graham was so firm and wise, and Josephine so true to herself, that all came right at last. And now my child is mistress in that farm across the valley—such a happy mistress, too, with just the bright pretty face of old times, on which rests none of the worn, hopeless look of those London days.

And in my own garden, just below my window, the London Pride flourishes in a wonderful way, tended with untiring care by my darling and her husband, who both, it seems to me, love the little humble plant above all other flowers.

A notice of curious interest appears in the Berliner Zeitung which, taken by itself would lead to alarming conclusions upon the dread of revolution which haunts Continental Governments in the present crisis. According to this journal, so minute are the precautions which even the German Government adopts that the corps of Guards quartered at Berlin have been ordered to desist from receiving opposition journals in barracks, and regular inspection is directed to be made by the officers so as to prevent any of the prohibited newspapers from being in the possession of the men.

THE GUARD OF WOMEN.—The respect of the Albanians for women is curiously shown in the custom among these people of giving travelers a woman's escort through the wilder parts of the country. With no guard but one woman, they are safe from all attack. Yet these women are not the soft objects of chivalry that one might imagine. They do not shrink from fighting to the death by the side of their husbands and kinsmen.

The Queen was by no means undisturbed by business during her holiday at Baveno. Between the 25th March and the 21st April her Majesty received at the Villa Clara no less than 364 telegraphic despatches, or at the rate of twenty-eight a day. The average length of these despatches was from 100 to 300 words: but on the 21st April there was one of no fewer than 600 words, relating to the campaign in Zululand.

Jefferson Davis rides on horseback daily. He is also a good pedestrian.

Gen. Ben Harrison, of Indiana, is suffering from ivy poisoning.

Dan Rice is building a floating theatre for the Mississippi.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

WHEN revivals of all kinds—literary, religious, artistic, and esthetic, as in the present day, are in vogue, the revival of the dress fashions of past ages play a prominent part. It is true it is chiefly, if not entirely, confined to women; for, even if a few ardent enthusiasts may sigh for the restoration of the graceful evening dress worn by gentlemen of the last century in lieu of the orthodox swallow-tails, still the boldest reformer would hardly advise the adoption of the Greek toga, or chiton, by the practical matter-of-fact citizen of the nineteenth century. But among women the case is widely different. Artistic dress is, together with artistic furniture, the pet craze of the day abroad—especially in London, and to its prevalence we owe the fact that at balls, not professedly "fancy," dresses are worn that twenty years ago would only have been considered in their right places at Mme. Tussaud's exhibition; at receptions and dinners are seen mediæval princesses and Greek women, Tudor or Renaissance dames, and ladies of the time of Vandyke and Lely, meeting and holding converse with each other. A woman who appreciates the rich and simple beauty of the garbs worn by Titian's noble Venetian ladies, or Vandyke's dames, is the less likely to err in the ornament and fashion of her own attire; but one thing is desirable, that the wearer of the old new dress shall have sufficient artistic instinct to choose a period of costume that will suit her style of face and figure. A tiny woman will hardly look well in a "Leonardo" brocade, embroidered with sunflowers larger than life, however beautiful the fabric may be; nor will a tall woman with dark hair and strongly pronounced features appear at her best in the floating draperies of white muslin and pale, soft blue, in which Gainsborough and Romney delighted. Then, too, suitability of time and place should be considered. When, some time ago, the sister of a prominent English artist was married, and it was announced that her eight bridesmaids had been arrayed as Puritans, the costumes could not but appear singularly inappropriate. Formerly fantasie characterized the dress for carnival festivities, but Fashion seems to have interwoven it in her costumes for every-day wear, and some of the Parisian costumes and ornaments are even copied from those worn by peasant women of foreign countries. Various ideas are adopted from fashions worn at all epochs from the remote period of Charlemagne to the restoration of the French Empire, always in the hope of producing a novelty, although it prove not only ugly, but decidedly out of place, and we find ourselves accepting with delight the exaggerated styles of "coal scuttle bonnets and farthingales," which a short time since were the prominent features of the fashions we ridiculed. In the meantime paniers are slowly gaining the ascendency in popular favor, and secured a permanent foothold by assuming only a modest, modified form at first, until this success warranted a bold expansion into a more substantial size.

It is in the many lovely thin materials that one can find a wide field for producing the most charming costumes, for the voluminous drapery, quilling of lace and many colored bows of ribbon admit of such variety. To these are added the exquisite Pompadour chintzes, foulards, or wash materials, with both of which a plain material is combined with the most effective results.

The greatest latitude is permitted in contrasts of color and variety of material in all costumes intended for home or carriage wear. Garden, lawn tennis, croquet and archery costumes are made as bright and picturesque as possible. All colors and tones and tints softly blended or sharply contrasting, are used and made brighter and gayer still with gold braid and gold thread embroidery, a profusion of lace and many bright-hued ribbons tied together so as to resemble a bouquet of flowers.

Prettiest among these short costumes is the "Pinafore," and although the original Pinafore costume was made up of gendarme blue French bunting, and trimmed with gold braid and many small gilt buttons, there are now dozens of different kinds of Pinafore suits in all sorts of materials, from unbleached domestic and cheese cloth trimmed with bandana handkerchief bands and pipings to costly plain and Pompadour striped foulard and the finest colored, striped, plain, and plaided batistes in those delicate tones of indefinite colors which are so much admired by connoisseurs in dress fabrics.

All sorts of diaphanous and semi diaphanous suits are seen on the forms and counters of our leading dry goods stores. Prettiest among these are the colored lawns and organdies, with grounds of blue, rose, mauve, and almond color formed by hair lines of these colors on a white surface. Borders in solid masses of the same color as the grounds, or in jardiniere colors and effects, are used for the flounces, ruffles, bands, plastrons, and other ornamental parts of such dresses. These, too, are made up with scarf paniers, or with panier sacques or sacque flichus, with the ends fastened up on panier under a bow in the back. But they are generally demi trained, as such flimsy tissues are not suitable for any but house and carriage wear. The ruffles set on the jacket or basque produce the waistcoat effect, too, while the tablier and back draperies are only slightly different from those suits made of materials of more substantial fabrics. Lace, both real and imitation, edges the ruffles and flounces of the costlier of these lawn and organdy suits, and with them are worn charming flichus of Breton lace, black or white, sometimes very long, crossing on the bosom, and tying in the back over the tournure. Smaller flichus of lace and muslin are also worn, but this does not render the jabot unnecessary; on the contrary, the ruche, or fraise, or linen collar, embroidered or plain, must each be worn with a jabot or bow of lace or an illusion scarf, tied cravat fashion in the neck.

In the new confections of white organdy and lace prepared for summer evening full dress and for graduates and college commencement dresses, Breton lace, either real or imitation, has almost taken the place of Valenciennes and Italian "imitation." This lace is more frequently used in the form of pleatings than edgings of flounces and ruffles. It edges the broad scarfs that form the panier and back draperies, but is more frequently pleated than set on plain; and when used on the flounces, it is either pleated, or the flounce is set on in knife-blade or kilt pleats, with the inch and a half wide Breton lace edging the [illegible]

Fireside Chat.

THE following recipe for Mocha pudding is given in answer to Young House-keeper's request for its reprint:—

Beat up the yolks of four eggs, ½lb. of powdered loaf sugar, and gradually 3 oz. of flour and 2 oz. of potato flour; lastly, the whites of four eggs whipped to a stiff froth. When the whole is well mixed, put it in a buttered plain mould and bake. Turn out the cake when done, and when it is quite cold cover it evenly all over with the following icing, ornamenting it with piping of the icing pushed through a paper cone. This last operation must be done with care, lest the heat of the hand warm the icing. When the cake is finished it should be put in a cold place, or on ice till the term of serving. The icing: Take 1 1lb. of fresh butter and 1 4lb. of powdered loaf sugar, beat them to a cream in a bowl, adding drop by drop, during the process, half a teacupful of the strongest coffee that can be made.

Frequent inquiries have been made for good practical recipes for soups and in answer to these I think the following can be well recommended.

I will begin with the most important foundation of good soup, vegetable stock:—

Take some carrots, turnips, onions, leeks, and celery, in equal quantities; cut them up into small pieces, and toss them in plenty of butter for half an hour; then add two heads of lettuce shred fine, some parsley, and chervil, a little thyme, marjoram, and tarragon, in judicious proportions; toss them a little longer, and then add as much water as you want stock; pepper, salt, cloves, mace to taste, and a pinch of sugar; let the whole stew gently for some hours, then strain the liquor through a cloth. N. B.—A couple of tomatoes (either from a tin or fresh), are a great improvement. With this foundation the following variety can be made:

Barley Soup.—Boil one pint of pearl barley in one quart of vegetable stock till it is reduced to a pulp, pass it through a hair sieve, and add as much more vegetable stock as will be required to make the puree of the consistency of cream; put the soup on the fire, when it boils stir into it, off the fire, the yolk of an egg beaten up with a gill of cream; add half a pat of fresh butter, and serve with small dice of bread fried in butter.

Onion Soup.—Slice a couple of Spanish onions, roll them in flour, and let them take a turn or two in a saucepan, with plenty of butter. Before they begin to take color, add as much water as you want soup, with pepper and salt to taste; let the whole boil till the onions are thoroughly done; then pour the soup into a tureen, over small slices of stale bread; add a good sprinkling of grated Parmesan cheese and serve.

Carrot Soup.—Boil some carrots in salted water; when thoroughly done drain them, and pass them through a hair sieve; mix the pulp thus obtained with as much vegetable stock as will make it of the desired consistency; add pepper, salt, and a pinch of sugar. Melt an ounce of butter, and mix with it a tablespoonful of flour, then gradually add the carrot puree. Let it come to the boil, add a small pat of fresh butter, and serve with dice of bread fried in butter.

Rice Soup.—Boil some carrots in salted water with an onion, a bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, and some whole pepper; when quite done strain off the water, and pass the carrots through a hair sieve. Parboil some rice until every grain is fairly burst; drain off the water then take one part of rice to two parts of carrot pulp, add vegetable stock to bring the soup to the right consistency, pepper, salt, and a pinch of sugar, and set it to simmer by the side of the fire for half an hour; lastly stir into it a small pat of butter, and serve.

Flemish Soup.—Boil equal parts of potatoes and turnips in water, with one onion and a head of celery, adding pepper and salt to taste. When the vegetables are quite done, pass the whole through a hair sieve. Put the soup in a saucepan on the fire, and as soon as it boils add a pat of fresh butter, plenty of chervil, a pinch of parsley, and a few tarragon leaves, all finely minced; then pour it over slices of toast, and serve.

Vegetable Soup.—Pass through a hair sieve all the vegetables used to make vegetable stock, melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour to it, mix it well, then add the vegetable pulp; stir well, and moisten with as much of stock as may be necessary, let the soup boil, stir into it off the fire the yolks of two eggs beaten up with a little water and strained. Serve with sippets of bread fried in butter.

Rice Tomato Soup.—In one quart of vegetable stock boil a handful or more of rice; as soon as this is cooked (not over done) draw the saucepan to the side of the fire, and add a can of tomatoes. As soon as the soup is quite hot (it must not boil) put in a small pat of fresh butter, and serve.

Pea Soup.—Wash one pint of split peas in cold water, put them into a saucepan with plenty of cold water, two onions stuck with cloves, a blade of mace, a bay leaf, two sprigs of dried mint, some parsley, whole pepper and salt to taste; let them boil until thoroughly done, adding at intervals small quantities of cold water. Pass the puree through a hair sieve, make it not again, season with pepper and salt, add a small pat of butter and serve with dice of bread fried in butter.

Lentil Soup.—1 Wash a quantity of large lentils in cold water. Put them into a saucepan with plenty of cold water, two onions stuck with cloves, a head of mace and a bay leaf tied together. Let them boil until tender, adding at intervals small quantities of cold water. Strain off the water, and pass the lentils through a sieve. Dilute them with vegetable stock, or with the liquor in which they were boiled, to a consistency of *puree*. Make it quite hot, add a pat of fresh butter and the yolks of two eggs, beaten up with a little water, and strained. Serve with sippets of bread fried in butter.

2 Take one quart of well flavored vegetable stock, cold, mix with it three or four tablespoonfuls of lentil flour. Put the soup on the fire, let it boil ten minutes, add a pat of fresh butter, stir until it melts, and serve as above.

Haricot Bean Soup.—1. Soak some beans in cold water, then put them into a saucepan, with plenty of cold water, an onion stuck with cloves, and a small bundle of sweet herbs, and set them to boil; during the process of boiling put in at intervals half a tumblerful of cold water. When half done drain off the water, and replace it by a lesser quantity of fresh hot water; put in a head or two of celery cut into small pieces a couple of cloves of garlic, pepper and salt to taste, and a gill of olive oil. Let the soup boil until both beans and celery are thoroughly done; then turn it out on small slices of toast, and after the lapse of a few minutes serve.

2 Boil some red haricot beans in water, with a couple of onions, a few cloves, pepper and salt to taste, a head of celery and some parsley; when thoroughly done drain the water from them, and pass them through a hair sieve. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add the beans, and as much vegetable stock as will bring the soup to the proper consistency. When it boils stir into it, off the fire, the yolks of two eggs, beaten up with a little milk or cream, and strained; serve with sippets of fried bread.

This is a very nice way of serving asparagus cold, with a sauce: Scrape each head with the back of a knife and tie the asparagus in small bundles of a dozen heads each; cut off the ends evenly. Put them into a pan full of fast-boiling water, with plenty of salt, and when done drain and untie the bundles, and leave until cold. Serve on a napkin with the following: Three parts of olive oil, one of tarragon vinegar, a little mustard, pepper and salt to taste, beaten up with a fork until perfectly amalgamated.

I send to the Fireside Chat a very good recipe for veal cutlets with maccaroni:

Trim some very small veal cutlets, not very thin, egg and breadcrumb them twice with breadcrumbs prepared thus: To each teaspoonful of finely-grated Parmesan cheese add three of fine breadcrumbs, a little salt, and a spoonful of chopped parsley, with a leaf or two of thyme. Fry the cutlets in the ordinary way, arrange them round some maccaroni, cooked in the following way: Boil as much maccaroni as you require for half an hour in water, carefully drain it and cook in some new milk until perfectly tender; strain it from the milk, and put into another stewpan with a good piece of butter, a tablespoonful of grated Parmesan cheese, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley; toss all well together over the fire, shaking the saucepan so that the maccaroni shall not burn. When all is thoroughly well warmed, turn out into the the centre of the dish, and arrange the veal cutlets round.—An Old Subscriber

I think the readers of the Fireside Chat will be pleased with the recipes I send. The following is the German mode of arranging a

Macedoine of vegetables.—Take equal quantities of green peas, French beans cut into small diamonds, carrots, turnips cut like olives, and boil them all separately in some salted water. Put half a pint of new milk into a saucepan, thicken it gradually with some fine flour; when it is of a proper consistency add a dessert spoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of good plain stock, then take the stewpan off the fire, and when it is several degrees removed from [illegible] of two eggs [illegible] of boiled new potatoes I have often seen added.

The following I have seen as a hors d'œuvre, or as a small luncheon dish for gentlemen; it is hardly one for ladies: Take one or two of the ordinary salt herrings, they must have soft roes; split them down the middle, and, without breaking the fish, carefully take out all the bones; now wash them very gently, first with a little boiling water, afterwards with a constant flow of cold, but so carefully as not to break them—they will bear a good deal of washing. Lastly, peel off the skin. Lay each herring on a slice of white bread. Squeeze a little lemon juice over it, and add a little salad oil. Serve with slices of hard-boiled egg cut lengthways, and fresh parsley.

Will some of the readers of the Fireside Chat send a good recipe for canning green corn and peas to J. C. R?

I have often noticed inquiries in the Post for fancy picture screens, and having made several, I shall be glad to furnish such information as may be of use to some ladies who desire to make them. The framework should be made of some common strong wood in as many panels or leaves as desired, rounded at the top, as this gives a much better effect. Over this framework stout canvas should be well stretched, and firmly fastened with small tacks; then have some sheets of ordinary paper pasted on to this canvas to make a firm foundation for the pictures. Any good carpenter can make the screen thus far; but it must be borne in mind that the panels must not be joined together until the whole is quite finished and varnished. As it is often difficult to arrange the pictures effectively, the safest way is to put on a few at a time with fine pins, changing the positions till the desired effect is produced. And then, having obtained this, fasten them permanently with strong gum arabic, in which a small lump of alum has been dissolved. The choice of pictures is an important point, only oil colors being available, as the water colors do not take the varnish well. I found that for the large pictures required for the top and bottom of each panel those from the Illustrated papers are best. Those at the top should always have sky in them; it gives a light, pretty effect. A great number of small pictures are needed, and most of these must be cut clearly and carefully out out. Leaves, flowers, fruit and birds are especially useful to frame the larger pictures. These must be arranged with taste, not formally, so that all harmonize. Not only should all the pictures harmonize, but, if possible, one should seem to lead into, or have some connection with, the next. As, for instance, if you have the picture of a corn-field, try to place near it pictures of teapots, [illegible] cover the edges, where the larger pictures join, with flowers usually found in a cornfield, such as poppies or the blue cornflowers, so that the whole screen has one harmonious, pleasant appearance wherever the eye rests.—Embroideries.

It is a singular circumstance that though any number of crowned heads have settled in the present century been exposed to the attacks of assassins, the only head of a State who has fallen in that manner was the first ruler of a republic, Lincoln, and the only attempt to death in the centu y was exercised on American soil—Maximilian of Mexico

Answers to Inquirers.

A. E. (Franklin, Pa.)—The name Lucy is derived from the Latin, and means shining; Anne, from the Hebrew, means gracious.

Ed L. (Warren, Md.)—We think you must be mistaken. We do not know such a word, nor is it to be found in a French dictionary.

P [illegible] (Marian, Ill.)—We know nothing about the value of dogs. If your former letter remained unanswered, it must have miscarried.

T. L. (Wilbey Mich.)—It is entirely a matter of taste. If you do not know you surely cannot feel interested, therefore it might be best to say nothing at present.

N. (Washington, Va.)—The engaged ring is usually worn on the fourth finger of the left hand, some using the forefinger. It is usually placed on the lady's finger by the gentleman present at the

H. F. F. (Oakwoods, Texas.)—The instrument is well worth what is asked for it, and the music produced is quite melodious. 2. Mrs. Agatha Evans is not the author of the story in question.

J. H. (Poplar Grove, Mich.)—White walnut is the wood of the tree commonly known as [illegible] the bark of which was selected as walnut bark is not now.

M [illegible]hila., Pa.) As you wish to act as a strictly respectable girl would do, we strongly recommend you not to take the step you refer to, we should think that it implied too great a degree of forwardness on your part [illegible] we certainly advise you not to take it.

[illegible] Pa.)—A correspondent [illegible] many young gardeners [illegible] to flowers in proportion to the [illegible] receive. This is true of [illegible] are [illegible] from the living rays of the sun. Write us of letters.

A. H. (Bibb, Ala.)—A good hair colorer is said to be made as follows. Sugar of lead, ½ oz.; lac sulphur, 2 drachms, aqua ammonia, 1 [illegible], glycerine, 1 oz.; water enough to fill a pint bottle. Mix and perfume to suit the taste, with orrices, instead of oils. Previous to application the hair should be thoroughly washed and dried.

J. J. (Morgan, Ky.)—The lady you love has apparently treated you in a manner which shows that she cares but little for you. Of course there would be no impropriety in writing to her, but our advice is, if you have stated your case correctly, to let her go. It is a matter of choice in regard to the age at which people should marry.

P. G. (Harrisburg, Pa.)—Magical properties have been assigned to the ruby, and Brahman traditions speak of the abode of the gods as flashed by enormous rubies and emeralds. It was supposed to be an amulet against poison, plague sadness, evil thoughts, wicked spirits, etc., and it warned its wearer of evil by becoming black or obscure.

A. M. (Enoch, Ga.)—To become an actress you must practice with an amateur dramatic corps or take lessons of some prefessional teacher. When properly qualified, you must apply to some manager to let you make a debut, and, if successful, you will be able to obtain an engagement somewhere. We would, advise you, however, to give up the idea altogether.

D [illegible] (Hartford, Conn.)—Your friend is right. The [illegible]onstitution of Connecticut was perfected and approved by a general vote of the people, '638. The [illegible] example in history of a written [illegible]ion organizing a government and defining its powers. It formed the basis of the charter of 1662, and its leading features have been copied into [illegible]tions of the several states of the Union.

D [illegible] Pa.)—The will o' the wisp, or Ignis fatuus [illegible] appears at [illegible] a couple of inches [illegible] a distance of [illegible] feet. It is supposed to arise from the [illegible] of the [illegible] gases.

H [illegible] N. Y.)—It is worthless to argue [illegible] Modern astronomers often [illegible] infallibly proves their [illegible] no doubt of it, there [illegible] to be [illegible] made.

Woody, (Henderson, N. C.)—You are wrong in principle as well as in fact. Being only just sixteen, and not yet emancipated from school, you are in no position to judge for yourself, much less act for yourself. Before you think of committing yourself and the whole happiness of your future life to the custody of a man who is starting you on a positive error, consult with your parents, to whom your future welfare, comfort, and peace are as dear as they will ever be to [illegible]

S. W. (Wilmington, N. C.)—If you and the young lady are [illegible] presumption of [illegible] but we confess that [illegible] way that might make this peculiar [illegible] specimen of the impression of her handwriting spelling, or grammar might make. However, your best plan is to see her.

Portia, (Trenton, N. J.)—The story told by the [illegible] is [illegible] of the [illegible] over night, then washing out with a syringe and warm water next morning gently brings away also the collected wax with it. Then try to [illegible] ear-tube with some soft linen and drop a small quantity of warm oil into it.

Bookworm, (Pittsburg, Pa.)—1. We do not know who made use of the expression "your need is the greater." Moreover, there is nothing remarkable in [illegible] New York.

B. K. (Phila., Pa.)—Deafness arises from several causes, sometimes, from want of cleanliness, the [illegible] ear becomes loaded with wax which rises on the surface, next the air, and contracting and cracking as it dries, and allowing the air to pass between it and the air passage, causes all sorts of strange noises—from the singing of a kettle to the roaring of a torrent, with occasional [illegible] like the report of a pistol. Occasionally the [illegible] irritation, and sets up inflammation with its [illegible] sarcens, which ends in matter being [illegible] waxen plague being pointed out. In other [illegible] employed. As the wax is more or less hard, it [illegible] be best plan to fill the ear with bread and milk [illegible] over night, then washing out with a syringe and warm water next morning gently brings away also the collected wax with it. Then try to [illegible] ear-tube with some soft linen and drop a small quantity of warm oil into it.

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LOST.

BY J. B. B.

A wild rose by the wayside hung,
  Its [illegible] air
A pure, scarce conscious perfume flung;
  I neared and found the flower fair—
So fair I sang, with sudden zest
To wear it [illegible]
  The trembling petals at my touch
A sweeter, subtler, fragrance shed;
'Tis strange I loved that flower so much,
    And—it was dead.

In that high mood when thought has wings,
  And finds alone its speech in song,
I struck an old harp's slumbering strings,
  And drew an idle hand along;
Nor deemed the careless chords had caught
The life-note that my spirit sought,
  Till [illegible]
  Its [illegible]
    Attack I [illegible]
      The string had broken.

I heard a wild bird on the shore
  Singing a wild song to the sea
And I told the [illegible]
  And sweeter [illegible]
Somewhere I caged the bird [illegible]
His music minstrelsy more near.
  Untamed; the captive's swelling throat
In one sad song his whole soul cast;
  Too well I knew his loveliest note
    Had been his last.

And yet, while memory hath power
  To count the hours too vainly spent,
The fragrance of that faded flower,
  That harp's last dying music, blent
With the wild bird's weird death song, will
Haunt every waking moment still,
  Teaching my heart the bitter cost
Of all the eye of hope hath seen,
  Of all that life hath won or lost—
    That might have been.

Half an Hour too Late.

BY M. P.

HALF an hour too late! I have heard those words a great deal oftener than any others in the English language. They possess for me a deep significance. How many trials, troubles, mortifications and disappointments have followed in their train.

Some ill natured people have asserted that it was my own fault, and I could overcome it; a bad habit—nothing more. Mistaken souls! it would be just as appropriate to say that the sun had a habit of rising in the east, when everybody knows that that luminary is *obliged* to rise in that direction.

My mother says I had no teeth until long after the age in which such appendages usually appear, and so adds that she had fears lest I should never walk alone. Now I leave it to competent judges whether I could possibly have exercised any influence over those two matters.

As I became older I was sent to school. I was invariably called twice by my mother before I could be induced to leave my bed, and of course was half an hour too late for breakfast, and proportionately tardy for school.

I tried to reform in this particular, but as often as I made a good resolution, I found my shoe string in a hard knot, my comb and brush were missing, my cap was not to be found, or some other impediment stood in the way; and to this day I firmly believe the worthy pedagogue used frequently to set his watch along half an hour on purpose to vex me. The classes for recitation were called long before I was prepared, and I spent the whole day in trying to overtake the minutes I had lost.

"Gilbert," said my father, "go up to Mr. Hall's, and tell him that I will take the twelve barrels of apples I looked at, at the price he named. Go directly there, and don't forget your errand."

"And, Gilbert," added my mother, stopping me at the door, "if you want your new coat made to-morrow call and speak to Miss Graves about it. I believe she is disengaged just now. You had better go in on the way to Mr. Hall's."

I promised compliance, and determining to acquit myself creditably, immediately set out. About half way there a sudden gust of wind blew off my hat, and I spent some time in recovering it; then I went on again, only stopping a few minutes to admire a little ship which a boy was sailing in the ditch by the roadside. Quickening my steps, I knocked at Mr. Hall's door, and told him my errand.

"You are too late, my lad, I sold the lot half an hour ago," he replied.

My countenance fell as he spoke the words I had so often heard.

"Don't look so disappointed," he added kindly; "there are other apples that your father can buy."

This remark consoled me but little, for I was thinking of my race after the hat, and the time I had spent in looking at the tiny ship. As I walked slowly home, ruminating on my bad luck, my new coat and Miss Graves popped into my mind. I would at least do one errand successfully, and accordingly made known my business.

"If you had called a little while ago I could have done it, but I have just made an engagement of a fortnight," was the reply of the lady.

Half an hour too late, as usual! Why did I not stop on my way, as my mother had advised me? I was greatly troubled, and ready to cry at this, my second failure, for I had set my heart upon wearing my new coat at a party where one of my school companions was to be.

I went home and told my story, not forgetting to mention my chase after my flying hat, considering that a sufficient justification for my delay.

"Just as I expected," said my father, giving me a stern look. "That boy was never punctual in his life. He'll be a drone all his days."

My mother merely remarked that if I had brought my hat to her to have the strings sewed on, as she had directed me the day before, that trouble would have been avoided. This was all the comfort I got from her. She well knew that being obliged to wear the old coat two weeks longer would be quite punishment enough for neglecting her advice. My father's temper was not improved upon learning the next day that apples had risen fifty cents a barrel, making him a loser of six dollars, by my being half an hour too late.

At length my father thought of a happy expedient. He would put me in a store; there I should have another master, and would feel myself called upon to please him. As if I did not try to please everybody. It was the whole aim of my life, but incessantly counterbalanced by the evil genius that attended me wherever I went. For a week I escaped any severe reprimand for my habitual failing. Naturally enough I felt gratified, and determined to make myself useful to my employer, who was an active business man, and liked industrious clerks.

"A number of pieces of those dress goods must be sent for Mrs. A. to examine today," he remarked, early one morning. "She is a good customer, and will probably purchase forty or fifty dollars' worth."

I was about selecting the goods when I recollected that it was imperatively necessary that I should make out several accounts without delay. Considerable time was consumed in attending to this duty, and it was noon before I was aware of it. Despatching my dinner as quickly as possible, I hastened back to the store and commenced assorting the different fabrics for Mrs. A. I stopped a moment at hearing my employer's voice.

"That letter was copied and mailed, of course?"

"I believe so," responded a fellow clerk, and went quietly on with his work.

It was mistake; the letter had not been copied. I had been told to do it, but customers were waiting, and considering them of more consequence than a mere letter, I had put it off the night before, designing to accomplish the task the first thing in the morning. But I had entirely forgotten it until reminded of my remissness by what I had heard. I hurried to the desk, on some frivolous pretence, speedily copied the letter, and, seizing my cap, hastened to the post office. The mail had been gone half an hour, and my efforts availed nothing. It was the old story, and I felt discouraged and disheartened. Hiding the letter in my pocket, I returned to the employment which had been interrupted, resolving not to leave it until Mrs. A. was in safe possession of the goods. The errand boy being otherwise engaged, I took the package myself, rang the bell, and desired to see the lady. After some delay she appeared.

"Goods for you to examine, from Brown & Burt's," I said, with a respectful bow.

I thought Mrs. A. looked somewhat out of humor, and her reply convinced me that I was not mistaken.

"You can take them back again," she rejoined coldly. "I supplied myself half an hour ago at another place. I desired them to be sent this morning, and if your employer does not in any measure govern himself by the wishes of his customers, he must take the consequences. I waited until I was out of patience."

The lady turned away, and I trudged back with the goods. Twice in one day. It was too much to be borne. And so thought my employer, who coolly discharged me, after assuring me that through my want of punctuality he had lost one of his best customers. I then frankly told him about the letter. He was more angry than before, and vehemently asserted that the deed would prove fatal to his credit. Several of my fellow clerks, who considered by the unexpected resentment which I encountered, I went home again only to leave the scene renewed. My mother looked coldly upon me, and my father met me with a frown, no indication of displeasure which I had often received, that I had become used to it. I was now eighteen years of age, and old enough, he said, to put away childish things, and become a man.

"Gilbert," he added, with emphasis, "why don't you try to overcome this propensity to be always late? Make an effort, my son—a strong effort."

An effort! Had not my whole existence been a continued, tremendous effort to throw off the spell that weighted me down—that stood in the way of my prosperity—that lost me friends, and gained me enemies—that was a source of disquiet to myself, and everybody who had the misfortune to be connected with me.

I wished much to go to sea. My father had an acquaintance, who was an old sea captain, and he was willing (for I was of no use to him), provided preliminaries could be arranged satisfactorily, that I should accompany him on his next voyage. No objection was made to this proposal on the part of the captain, and much delighted I commenced preparations.

My mother was serious, not sad. With her accustomed kindness and maternal solicitude, she disposed my wardrobe in a large trunk, gave me good advice, besought me to obey the captain in every particular, and hoped the change would be for my benefit.

"Endeavor to conquer your besetting sin, my child," she added, with a mother's earnestness. "Make a good resolution, and keep it; respect yourself, and others will respect you. If you fail, try again, and persevere until you obtain the victory. A man is a slave so long as he permits a bad habit to rule him imperiously."

I was sorry she brought up this disagreeable theme to dampen my exuberant spirits at such a time, but recollecting her interest in my welfare, I promised (that was easily done) all she could ask.

I put my imagination at active employment, and pictured scenes of grandeur far surpassing everything I had seen. My highest anticipations were now about to be realized. I could hardly control my joy, so greatly was I elated at the prospect before me. I promised souvenirs of my travels to my less fortunate friends, and stowed away large quantities of writing materials, which I purposed to use in inditing long and interesting epistles to those behind.

The captain of the vessel had written to my father word when he expected me on board, and in pursuance of his directions I took leave of my parents, and started for the city, which was some two miles distant.

On the way I happened to think of an intimate acquaintance, to whom I had not said one parting word. Confident that I had plenty of time, I diverged a little from the main road, and chanced to find him at home. My good fortune was repeated for his edification, mutual good wishes were interchanged, and with a light heart I resumed my walk. The distance was at last accomplished. I stepped upon the wharf hurriedly, and entered the office to look after my baggage, which had been sent on before. I soon had it in safe keeping and then began to make inquiries concerning the vessel in which I was to take passage.

Judge of my sensations on being told that the ship had sailed without me! actually left the wharf precisely half an hour before I arrived! He could wait no longer. Thus were my expectations again frustrated, and my hopes crushed. I had certainly started from home soon enough; it was the unlucky call that had done the mischief. In my excitement, I accused the captain of unfair dealing, denouncing myself in no measured terms, and charged everybody with injustice.

I apprehended nothing so much as facing my parents—dejected, humiliated and humbled as I was—but there was no help for it; it must be done.

I reluctantly set my face homeward, and with dispirited step moved along at a snail's pace. I dreaded my mother's reproachful glance, my father's bitter and cutting words, but more than all—the mirth and ridicule of my acquaintances, when they should learn of the downfall of my air castles.

These reflections were not very gratifying, yet I could not rid myself of them. It was no use trying to do anything, or to be anybody; that ominous half an hour too late haunted me at every corner, and met me at every turn.

"Gilbert!" ejaculated my mother, looking the picture of astonishment, as I timidly entered the house, having ineffectually tried to put on an air of boldness.

"I'm discouraged—it's all to no purpose!" I exclaimed, sullenly throwing myself into a chair.

"The ship has sailed, I suppose?" said my father, interrogatively, displaying no more surprise than though he had anticipated my return.

I nodded in the affirmative.

"No more than I expected," he rejoined, taking up his book and beginning to read just where he had left off upon my entrance.

It was the most severe remark he could have made under the circumstances. I fathomed the feelings that gave rise to it and they were at first a comfort, as they served to protect and strengthen my losing resolutions, and retire to my own room.

That night my kind mother tossed with me a long time, but I was in no mood to be benefited by her wise counsel, and I only grieved her tender nature by my moroseness and ill humor.

I did not soon forget the merciless joking of my companions, nor the ridicule they so unsparingly heaped upon me. But at last it grew to be an old story, and I was gradually freed from their persecutions.

I was named for a wealthy bachelor uncle, and often had hopes that he would make me his heir. He visited our family but seldom, knew but little about my brother and sister, and less about me, who was the youngest. A letter came to hand, however, about twelve months after my future attempt at traveling, saying that he should spend some time with us. He was eccentric and whimsical, but good-hearted and benevolent. He observed me closely, and evidently detected my weak point at once. By his actions, I felt sure I did not please him, and being fretted at his constant watching, took less pains to secure his good will than I ought.

The evening before his departure, he requested my brother, my sister and myself to go up to his room, as he wished a little social conversation with us. I anticipated a lecture on my shortcomings and staid away purposely, but afterwards, thinking I might possibly be mistaken, concluded to risk it. Vain calculation! I met my brother and sister on the stairs, each in possession of a hundred dollars—a gift from my uncle, who declared that if I did not respect his wishes enough to be present, I must go without my share. I was too proud to tell him the cause of my non-appearance, and with the luckless half hour vanished all hopes of becoming an heir, or receiving a present.

Well, I attained my majority. I was twenty-one, and must begin to look out for myself. To be brief, I contemplated matrimony. I had long loved a charming girl (she wasn't aware of it, however,) and I decided to pop the question at once. I intimated the fact to my father; he liked my choice, and promised me capital to commence business with, obviously being of the opinion that it would be for my interest to marry. Thus encouraged, I sought the lady, whose attractions I have never seen equalled. I found her alone, looking lovelier than ever. With much trepidation, the all important declaration was made, and I awaited the issue in desperate suspense. My charmer looked both surprised and perplexed, was painfully embarrassed, and colored excessively. As near as I could determine, the symptoms looked favorable, and my heart beat high with hope. But I was mistaken; her first words undeceived me. She stammered something about "a misunderstanding, wrong impressions, regret that her conduct had been so construed, thanks for the intended honor," and the like, concluding by saying "that she had engaged herself to somebody else half an hour before."

I was answered. Half an hour before! If there was ever a man to be pitied, it was surely myself. But I might have known better than to have made the foolish trial. The experiment taught me a lesson; I have never spoken love to a woman since. I am a cross, fretful old bachelor now. What has made me so? Nothing but the half hour too late. If I attempt to go to church, the minister has invariably commenced his sermon before I enter, leaving me entirely in the dark as to his subject. If I go to a concert to hear some lauded singer, I have to take a seat under the gallery, where I can see nobody, and hear nothing.

Thus I exist, continually harassed by vexatious delays and disappointment. The patience of my former friends is exhausted; they tolerate me, and that is all. If I say positively, "you may expect me—I will certainly be there," they look at each other significantly, and smile in a provokingly incredulous manner. That I am an unfortunate man, none will deny who have a spark of sympathy in their souls.

A poor Hungarian showed a black pearl to a Paris jeweler, and begged him to value it and give him what he could for it. He was told that the pearl was of great value, and that he would better take it to Biedermann of Vienna, which he did, and was naturally asked where he had obtained possession of such a rarity. The Hungarian answered that he had got it from the valet of the late Count Louis Batthyani. It turned out that it was one of three black pearls which more than 150 years ago, was stolen from the English crown, and which were for a long time vainly sought for, it being at that time supposed that these were the only three black pearls in existence. The British government has bought the black pearl for $8 000.

The Woolwich Arsenal in England has been of late busy in preparing balloons for the African war. The largest is called Saladin, and contains 38 000 cubic feet of gas. There are also the Tallaman, of 19 000 cubic feet; the Saracen, of 15 000; the Vidette, of 14 000, and a little balloon named the Pilot, of 600 feet. Arrangements have been made for telegraphic communication with them, when aloft, by means of a wire running through the cable restraining them. Means have also been found for reinforcing them with gas while in the air. The latter process is not explained.

M. Masana Maeda, the intelligent Japanese Commissioner General at the Paris Exhibition last year, has received from the Mikado the title of Commissioner General of Japan for Europe. A sum of 100 000r. is allowed by the Japanese Government to defray his travelling and other expenses incidental on M. Maeda's journeys throughout Europe on the business of his country.

General Grant and his party have left Shanghai, China, to continue their journey.

Our Young Folks.

THE HENS OF HENCASTLE.

BY B. Y. G. A.

WHAT a hot, drowsy afternoon it was. But the fowls in the back yard were not disturbed by the heat in the least.

There were five of them—a cock and four hens.

During the middle of the day they had managed to get some winks of sleep, but now the farmer's man began to make noise enough to wake the dead.

"I wish someone would tell a story," said one of the hens. "I am tired of scrabbling in the dust."

After a pause, the cock said in a solemn voice:

"I will tell you the terrible tale of the troubles of the hens of Hencastle.

"Once upon a time—it was the village fair week, when a great many animals are killed—the farmer's cook came into the fowlyard, and remarked that seven of them would be twisting merrily on the spit next morning. On hearing this, all the fowls were plunged into the deepest despair.

"Two young cockerels, in their deep perplexity, at last went to the yard dog, Flaps by name, who was a very great friend of theirs, and to him they cackled out their woes

"'Why do you stop here?' asked Flaps. 'If you had any pluck, you would make yourselves scarce.'

"'Ah! Perhaps so—but who has enough courage for such a desperate step?' sighed the young cockerels. 'Why, you yourself are no more courageous than we, else why do you stop here chained up all day, and allow those tiresome children to come and tease you?'

"'Well,' replied the dog, 'I earn a good livelihood by putting up with these small discomforts and besides that, I am not going to be set twisting on a spit. However, if you particularly wish it, we can go away somewhere together; but if we do, I may as well tell you at once, that you will have to feed me.'

"The cockerels, fired by this bold advice, betook themselves at once to the henroost with the courage of young lions; and after a short but animated discussion persuaded the whole of the cocks and hens to run away and to take Flaps as protector of the community.

"When darkness fell, the dog was unchained for the night as usual, and as soon as the coast seemed clear, he went to the henhouse, pushed back the sliding door with his nose, and let them all out.

"Then he and the whole company stole away as quietly as possible through the yard gate away out into the open country.

"The fowls flew, and wandered on, the livelong night, perfectly happy in their freedom, and feeding themselves from the sheaves of corn that stood in the stubble-fields.

"Whenever Flaps felt hungry, the hens laid him a couple of eggs or so, which he found much nicer than barley-meal and dog biscuit.

"After some days' journeying, the wanderers arrived at a large desolate looking heath, in the middle of which stood an old weather-beaten house, apparently uninhabited.

"In they trooped, and set themselves to work to turn it into a strong castle, well fortified against all danger. They stopped up the holes and cracks with tufts of grass, and piled a wall of big and little stones right round the house. When the repairs were completed they called it Hencastle.

"During the autumn some of the fowls ventured forth into the cornfields that lay near the haunts of men, and collected a store of grain to supply them with food during the winter.

"But they soon found Hencastle was plagued with mice.

"A year passed, and when winter returned the mice stowed corn away in such quantities that everybody saw none would be left to sow in the spring.

"The commonwealth then decided on sending three experienced cocks out into the world, to try and find some means for getting rid of the plague of mice.

"The cocks journeyed for one whole day without finding anything, but towards evening they came to a wild, rocky cleft, where they perceived a great owl sitting on a stump.

"'Who may you be?' hissed the owl.

"'We come from Hencastle, where there are hundreds of mice, who devour our corn day and night. Will you come and help us?'

"'Whoo—hoo! I'll come, I'll come!' screamed the owl, snapping its beak with pleasure.

"Thereupon the owl and the three messengers returned to the castle, and the former killed the mice rapidly.

"After a time, however, the mice began to see the owl, and one night he did not catch a single mouse, and so, being very hungry, drove its beak into some hen's eggs that lay in a corner, and ate them. Finding them more to his taste than the lean mouse, and much less trouble to catch, henceforth the owl gave up mouse hunting, and took to egg poaching. This the fowls presently discovered, and the three wise cocks were sent to tell the owl to go away.

But it refused and threatened to kill them if they did not give him more eggs. So they went and told Flaps, who seized the bird between his teeth and killed it, though not before one of his eyes had been scratched out in the struggle.

"Still the mice remained in the castle, and continued to increase and multiply. So the three wise cocks had to go forth on a second voyage of discovery, in order to try and find a remedy against the intruders.

"They flew on for a night and a day without any result, but next morning, in one of the forest glades, they saw a red-coated animal watching a mouse-hole.

"It was a fox, who had come out to find something for breakfast.

"They soon saw him catch a mouse and eat it, and were much pleased.

"So they engaged the cunning fox to help them at Hencastle, and with him returned home.

"When they reached the castle the fox did not at all like the idea of going in past Flaps, who stood at the door showing his teeth and with the hair down his back standing on end: but at last he slipped past Flaps like lightning and scampered off into the loft.

"Once there, he behaved so affably to the fowls as to make friends all round.

"In the dead of night, when all were asleep, Reynard crept up to where the fowls roosted, and finding out where the fattest and youngest were perched, he snapped off the heads of a couple before they had even time to flutter a feather. He then carried them to the window, opened it very gently, dropped the dead bodies out on to the ground beneath, then sped away down to the house-door, bolted it, and returning to the old hens told them that Flaps had committed murder.

"He next took the scared and frightened fowls to the window, and when they looked out they saw to their horror their guardian Flaps sniffing at the dead bodies on the ground outside.

"'Who would have thought it!' said the hens in an awestricken whisper.

"'Hi! open the door,' cried Flaps, who saw something was wrong; 'you've got another King Stork, I'll be bound.' But though he rattled and shook the door, no one unbolted it. 'Ah!' sighed Flaps, 'before long the whole pack of idiots will be killed and eaten.'

"So he scratched open an old hole in the wall that had been stopped up, and crept in. They were all talking at once, and so eagerly that no one noticed the dog come up behind them. He gave one spring, seized the fox by the throat, and in a moment had strangled him, though meanwhile the fox had bitten off one of his ears.

"He then told them the truth, and now that the panic was over, the fowls felt heartily ashamed of themselves for having been deceived by the fox, and done Flaps such great injustice.

"But what was to be done with the ever-increasing colony of corn stealers? The more the fowls meditated, the more the mice squeaked and played about, and the more corn they dragged away into their holes.

"There was no remedy for it but to despatch the three messengers a third time with directions to be more vigilant and careful than before. Away they flew, farther than ever.

"At length the messengers reached a bit of waste ground close to a village, and there they saw an extremely grimy looking gipsy sitting on a bank. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and muttered, 'I've the luck of a dog! Here am I with a lot of the best mousetraps in the world, and I haven't sold one this blessed day!'

"'Here's luck!' said the wise birds. 'That is exactly the man for us; he is neither two-winged nor four-legged, so he will be quite safe.'

"They flew down at once to the ratcatcher and made their proposition. He laughed softly and pleasantly to himself, and accepted their invitation, and started at once for Hencastle.

"The gipsy was at once taken up to the loft, and baiting his traps, soon caught some mice.

"The fowls were wild with delight, and every hen laid an egg at his feet.

"But the gypsy soon tired of eggs and began to eat the young hens.

"Flap, hearing the noise and outcry, darted at the gipsy and compelled him to leave, but the man with a stick almost broke the dog's leg.

"The next day, however, it was discovered that the gipsy was returning with all the village to attack them. So the hens filled their crops as full as possible, and escaped with Flaps out of the back door.

"When the people got to the house they found nothing in it but a small heap of corn so they fell upon the gipsy and half killed him for having brought them on a fool's errand.

"Then they divided the corn and went away.

"So ends the tale of the hens of Hencastle."

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 644 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

THE CAUCUS.

Charade.

BY PERCY VERE.

SCENE—*Debating Room of the H. B. C.*
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—*Members of the Club. Member from Boston.* (Loquitur)—To row, or not to row;
That is the question.
Whether 't were better, to promote digestion,
To play base-ball, or mount wild horse's backs,
To get the vital force our stomach lacks;
Or, to take oars against those men of Yale
And by opposing, vanquish them or—fail!
My arms are out of joint; I cannot fight.
Therefore why should I, in this woeful plight,
So far demean myself, and stultify,
The name our seniors left posterity,
By entering against this burly crew?
Perish the thought! For me 'twill never do.

Enter Yancy, Hubbard and others.

Yancy.—The thing is done! The challenge telegraphed; and they've accepted.
Member from Boston.—Have they sent the draft,
On Saratoga Bankers for the stake
We won last time we b-at them on the lake?
If not we'll have a *first.*
Hubbard.—A *first's* the thing
To estimate the metal of the ring.
We'll have it in the *second* of Kanawha,
In front of Richmond—
Member from Maine.—Peace! no more palaver.
If that's decided; all we have to do,
Is to select a captain, and his crew.
Each man to make a double jointed vow—
Member of the Phi Beta Rho.—(Facetiously.)
The form to be "I vum," or, "I do swow."
M. from M.—To watch his *whole*, his captain, and to be,
A model member of the H. B. C.,
Thus victory has already perched upon—
M. of the P. B. R.—The other fellow's banner
M. from Boston.—Are you done?
Or will this wordy war, wear out the night?
I think it time to leave. Put out the light.

Exeunt in good order. (For a wonder.)

ANSWERS.

No. 179. SPUR-GALL.

No. 180.
E S C H E W
S P H E N E
C H A R G E
H E R A L D
E N G L U E
W E E D E D

No. 181. MANDATE.

No. 182.
F
F I R
F I R E S
F I R E S E T
R E S E T
S E T
T

No. 183. POLLACK-WHITING.

No. 184.
C H A P P E D
H Y D R A T E
A D M I R A L
P R I M A G E
P A R A P E T
E T A G E R E
D E L E T E D

No. 185. FLAG-STONE.

No. 186.
F
L E D
C E R E T
L E O P A R D
P E R P E T U A L
D E A T H L Y
T R U L Y
D A Y
'L

No. 187. BABY-SHIP.

No. 188.
L I G H T E S T
P E P E R I N E
M O D U L A T E
S A T U R A T E
C A R U C A T E
M A T U R A T E
P A D E L I O N
S E B E R H A M

No. 189. ROSCOE CONKLING.

No. 190.
P
L A P
M O R A L
M O R A L E S
L O R I C A T E S
P A R A C E N T E I C
P A L A N K E E N
L E T T E R S
S E R E S
S I N
C

No. 191. NUMERICAL.

The ground so 4, 5, 6 and 7,
Rewards the farmer's toil;
The bounteous gifts poured down from Heaven
Are planted in the soil.

1, 2 and 3's a kiln for drying
Both hops and malt you'll find;
The WHOLE across the desert flying,
Will leave all else behind.

Brooklyn, N. Y. DRAM POQUIER.

No. 192. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A Hebrew month. 2. An exclamation. 3. An exclamation. 4. A verb. 5. A verb. 6. A ote in music. 7. A river in Europe.

PRIMALS—One of the United States.
FINALS—A country in Europe.
Baltimore, Md. RANDOLPH.

No. 193. CROSSWORD.

In fiend not in foe,
In shine not in glow,
In seem not in look,
In clasp not in hook,
In meet not in find,
In coil not in wind,
In wish not in long,
In ode not in song,
A word here strike
Which means thread-like.

New York City. KOH.

No. 194. SQUARE.

1. A species of pepper. 2. A choice body. 3. A tenth. 4. A volatile fluid. 5. Looks askance.
Camden, N. J. QUIPS.

No. 195. CONCEALED ACROSTIC.

How we as Death flings wide the mystic door!
Farewell! it is a long farewell we know,
Day falls thee here, but soon a brighter glow
Of day shall blot from mind the days of yore,
When rising storms thy sky had fraught,
Oh! hard by Love, and Art, and Music taught!
PRIMALS down and FINALS up!—A Poet.
Madison, N. J. JANCE.

No. 196. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A double tripod. 3. A town in Spain. 4. An animal. 5. Loss of hair. 6. Distended (Hare.) 7. A Scripture proper name. 8. To deliver. 9. A letter.
Buffalo, N. Y. DON QUIXOTE.

No. 197. CHARADE.

There a LAST lived in Santa Cla-ra,
And a very high WHOLE was his Pa.
And all did concede
That his FIRST was indeed,
The noblest in Santa Cla-ra.

San Jose, Cal. NIC. O'DEMUS.

No. 198. SQUARE.

1. Surfaces. 2. An old dance. 3. The incarnation of a Hindoo deity. 4. Marked with colored spots. 5. Raises 6 Urgency.
Philadelphia, Pa. MRS. NICKLEBY.

No. 199. DOUBLE CROSS WORDS.

In gammon not in trick,
In barsand not in brick,
In beggar not in tramp,
In sconces not in lamp,
In shiver not in chill,
In streamlet not in rill,
In oily not in grease,
In lambskins not in fleece.

Into this puzzle you must peer,
And find two minerals hidden here.
Camden, N. J. THARMER.

No. 200. RHOMBOID.

ACROSS:—1. An officer. 2. Makes certain. 3. Discussions. 4. Had a fixed position. 5. Scolds. 6. A withdrawer from a public station. 7. A detractor.
DOWN:—1. A consonant. 2. A verb. 3. Persuaded. 4. A genus of trees. 5. A berry. 6. An instrument. 7. Withdrew. 8. Quiet. 9. A town in Algeria. 10. A town in Palestine. 11. A Scripture proper name. 12. A musical syllable. 13. A consonant.
Washington, D. C. GIL BLAS.

No. 201. ANAGRAMS.

Prominent Englishmen.

1. PURE SONG. 2. GLEANS NOT.
3. I LEAD SIR. 4. LENT DAY.

Philadelphia, Pa. ICICLE.

No. 202. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A fish. 3. Books. 4. The Evil one. 5. The Holy Spirit. 6. Adjustment. 7. Eclipse. 8. Certain quadrupeds. 9. Part of the body. 10. A disease. 11. A letter.
Baltimore, Md. ASIAN.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.
2. The Post three months for NEXT BEST list.
3. The MODERN SPHINX one year for first solution to the "Caucus."

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of May 3rd were solved by A. Solver Jarep, Comet, Gil Blas, Brownie, Hal Hazard, J. C. M., O. Possum, O. C. O. La., Goose Quill, Peggotty, Balfour, Effendi, Willie Wildwave, Traddles.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Not won.
2. A. Solver, - - - Kenton, Ohio.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Effendi—Charade. Gil Blas—Diamond. X. L. C. R.—Diamond and Square Remainders. Kro. K.—Square, Crossword, and Reversed Rhomboid. Maud Lynn—Charade, Rhomboid, and Acrostic. Kate Nickleby—Charade and Anagram. O. C. O. La.—Rhomboid, Triple Acrostic, Triple Crosswords and Reversible Triple Acrostic. J. C. M.—Pyramid. Ef Fen—Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MODERN SPHINX—The initial number of the MODERN SPHINX has reached us, and although neat in design and appearance, is like the African Sphinx a little too HEAVY. Throw in some more sunshine, my friends, and brighten us up.

EFFENDI—Your last charade is on a par with your previous work. Keep a few always with us as a reserve fund.

X. L. C. R.—Contributions at hand and have been placed under the double magnifying glasses of the editorial corps. No doubt the increased size of the NUTCRACKER'S MONTHLY will be pleasing to your readers.

GIL BLAS—Your jingling diamond is very pretty and will be placed on exhibition soon.

KRO. K.—A pleasant surprise. If you always send contributions in such good shape we will not KRO. K. particle.

MAUD LYNN—Rhomboid and acrostic pass muster, and as for the charade, we will publish that too, if we ever get room enough; but very probably will have to use it in sections.

KATE NICKLEBY—Thanks for charade. An anagram should refer to the original word or sentence in itself, even if accompanied by explanatory lines.

O. C. O. LA.—Your acrostics are something extra and doubly welcome, from the fact that you use short cross words.

J. C. M.—Just in by the overland route, eh? Well, make yourself comfortable, the boys will be glad to see you.

EF FEN—We have had a special bin made for your big squares, so send them along. EXCELSIOR is just what we like.

G. Q. AND P. V.—We are sorry to lose the MAZY MASKER, as it was a good paper and spoke right out. Good by: ta, ta: better luck next time.

PUZZLERS—If you wish to see a GOOD eleven letter diamond look at No. 202, by ASIAN.

HYMN OF HOPE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs—
When life her throng of care reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals—
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

When, with sad footstep, memory roves
Mid smitten joys, and buried loves—
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs—
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest, and the last;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer, grant my soul to see
That "as its day, its strength shall be."

FATALITY IN COLORS.

THE Ogilvy clan of Scotland for many centuries have regarded the color green as peculiarly unfortunate for them. The Earl of Airlie is the chief of the Ogilvy clan; and both he and his kinsmen, Sir W. Ogilvy, of Banffshire, and Sir John Ogilvy, of Forfarshire, have an aversion to the color. The Caithness men have the same prejudice, alleging as a reason therefor that their bands were green when they were cut off at the battle of Flodden Field. Green is also believed to be a fatal color to all Scotchmen of the clan of Graham. It is held as a tradition that in battle a Graham is generally shot through the green check of his plaid. Not many years ago a veteran fox-hunter of the name, having had a bad fall in essaying an ugly ditch, exclaimed: "What could I expect when I had a green lash to my whip?" James Graham, the poet, author of "The Sabbath," and other poems, "would not break through the ancient prejudice of his clan, but," as Sir Walter Scott states, "had his library table covered with blue or black cloth rather than use the fated color commonly employed on such occasions."

Until recent years a vague prejudice existed among the unlettered classes of England against green, because it was thought to be a "spirit color," a "magic color," the "color of the fairies," etc. In Ireland it has always been regarded with extraordinary veneration.

It is a very odd idea, but derived from the highest antiquity, that the color, or rather absence of color, white is most unlucky for the Royal House of England.

This has existed as an unwritten tradition around the throne from remote centuries. Indeed there is a probability that the superstition, or whatever it is, is as old as Merlin. De Quincy, who takes cognizance of the ancient prophecy about the "White King," says of Charles the First that the forebodings of the misfortunes of this "White King" were supposed to have been fulfilled in his case, because he was by accident clothed in white at his coronation. People remembered afterwards, as the literature of the period proves, that white was the ancient color for a sacrificial victim. This in itself was a sufficiently formidable opening.

De Quincy says: "When the king, Charles I., came to be crowned it was found that by some oversight all the stores in London were insufficient to furnish the purple velvet necessary for the robes of the king and for the furniture of the throne. It was too late to send to Genoa for a supply; and through this incidental deficiency it happened that the king was attired in white velvet at the solemnity of his coronation, and not in red or purple robes as consisted with the popular usage."

It might naturally be supposed that the misfortunes culminating with the execution of Charles the First might have satisfied the dread doom predicted to await a "white king." The fatalities of the color white certainly seemed to find their consummation in this unfortunate Stuart, who was crowned in white velvet and brought to the block in front of his royal palace of Whitehall. But it is currently believed in British Court circles that white has a more general application—a more tragical scope—to English royalty. In the Wars of the Roses the White Rose was unfortunate and in the light of rosicrucianism it is supposed by some that the late Prince Consort—whose name was Albert, which signifies White—died at so comparatively early an age, in consequence of his close connection to the English sovereign. Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, is exceedingly superstitious as her own volumes, "The Life of the Prince Consort," evidence. The lamented prince shared this weakness with his royal wife. For instance, he records in the work mentioned, with great interest, that the bonfires built near Balmoral on occasion of the false news that Sebastopol had fallen in 1854, and which was actually lighted near a year later, when it really fell in September, 1855, was blown down by the storm which raged on the terrible day of Inkermann (Nov. 5 1854) which so nearly proved fatal to the British army in the Crimea. He evidently thought the two events were something more than a mere coincidence. Her Majesty, by her authority, evidently sanctions the augury. Since her husband's decease, it is a privileged secret about her court that she is greatly exercised respecting the use of the name of the Prince of Wales, Albert Edward, in a possible future king. When he lay at death's door through malarial fever, she thought doom had been pronounced, and at present there exists in her mind a serious intention to avoid the supposedly unfortunate "White" prefix, Albert, and use Edward only. So far Albert has proved unfortunate both to his father and to himself, while Edward has been historically triumphant and auspicious. Merlin's prophecy, of the danger to accrue to England or the sovereign, or those close to the throne, through "White" what one time thought to refer to the Saxon invasion of England—the pale Saxons, whose device was a white horse.

The Wars of the Roses, the execution of Charles, the untimely death of Prince Albert and the narrow escape of the Prince of Wales have combined to place another aspect on the fatalization. And the fact is unquestioned that among those in the court of Saint James it is deemed as at least not improbable that the color white, or some strange and at present unimagined association of "white," may yet be like a dream, hidden, in the future, to justify Merlin at once, and to astonish and bewilder, by the long-delayed evolvement of the centuries, in which, at last, the realization and the misfortune become simultaneously apparent.

The story of the White Lady of Berlin, whose appearance is always so fatal to some member of the royal house of Hohenzollern, is too familiar to require extended mention.

New Publications.

A new and improved edition of "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary," has just been issued by the publishers, G. & C. Merriam, Springfield, Mass. Since the publication of the last edition in 1864 a number of learned gentlemen have been busily engaged upon the present work, and a grander book, or more valuable contribution to the cause of education has never emanated from the press.

It has always been the aim of the publishers to make "Webster's" the most complete dictionary of our language. Few have ever questioned it, but the magnificent improvements introduced into the present volume must put the matter beyond all doubt. If it has hitherto been generally regarded as the one infallible authority in everything pertaining to our mother tongue, there is every reason why it should now be received as such, universally.

As now compiled the leading features and essential parts of the old issue are retained, while a supplement is added of nearly five thousand new words, whose meanings are not to be found in any other dictionary. These embrace the very latest contributions to our language from every possible source.

There is besides an entirely new biographical department of upwards of 10,000 names, ancient and modern. These include such facts connected with each individual as are most important and valuable for the general scholar to know, while it is almost impossible to meet a name in the course of reading, that is not here set down and explained. By a simple process of condensation they have been enabled to include all that a consulter really cares to know, or is likely to be called upon to learn.

The general vocabulary, as now improved, contains over 118,000 words, with their full etymology and meaning, fifteen thousand more than any other English dictionary. There is, moreover, a vocabulary of the names of noted fictitious persons and places, including surnames bestowed upon eminent men in all countries and professions. The utility of this feature of "Webster's" is seen when we remember that in almost every book or paper perused, names are mentioned, or places referred to, that are entirely strange to the average reader, but which this useful vocabulary now makes quite clear.

There are likewise pronouncing vocabularies of over 5,000 scriptural, 15,000 Greek and Latin, 10,000 geographical, and about 700 common English Christian names, with their derivation, meaning nicknames, etc. Besides, the equivalents of the latter names in several other languages are appended.

And that it may the more worthily perform its duty as a work of universal reference, thousands of quotations, words, phrases, proverbs, etc., are given, not only from the English, but Greek, Latin, and principal modern languages. Owing to the frequent occurrence of passages from other languages in our daily reading, such a convenient reference as this affords has been long wanted.

It is really and truly an extensive library in one book, and embraces everything relating to education, it is actually necessary for the well-informed scholar to know. It is a universal gazetteer, encyclopædia, and dictionary brought down to the present day. With this one work in his home, a man has the gist, the kernel, and the worth, of ten thousand volumes. The contents are such that it is hardly possible to meet with any solvable question in any course of English reading, relating to matters personal, historical, chronological, literary, or lexicological, that it will not inform upon or decide.

Nothing in fact that can be embraced in a universal and convenient work of reference is omitted. Therefore amongst its less prominent, but no less valuable features, are all the abbreviations, contractions, and signs used in writing and printing, principles of pronunciation, history of the English language, orthography, with rules of spelling and other kindred matters. To the extensive supplement, however, with the history of noted names of fiction, and the biographical dictionary we would call particular attention. These features alone render it almost priceless. While the addition of the very latest lexicological improvements of the language are all introduced, the brief biographical sketches make it possible for the reader to know the main facts in the lives of all the great and noted men of the past and present, with the utmost possible saving of time and trouble.

Besides the thousands of illustrations scattered through the 1928 pages the new edition contains, there is a classified selection of pictorial illustrations, occupying 72 pages. Among these are four colored plates of the flags of all nations, coats of arms, coats of arms of the United States and Territories and several flags and pilot signals at present in use. In fact everything that could be made clearer by illustrations has been illustrated in the highest style of the engraver's art.

Altogether it may be taken for granted that what the publishers claim for this edition of Webster, is entirely true. Their prospectus says: "On the whole, probably no other single volume before the English speaking public embodies so much information on the subject treated, and is so valuable for frequent consultation, and so indispensable in the household, and to the scholar, professional man, and self-educator, as this; and when a dictionary is wanted, 'Get the Best,' and with this opinion all who examine it will almost certainly concur.

We have received the first number of "Moore's Rural Life," issued monthly by the Rural Life Publishing Co., 34 Park Row, New York. It is a periodical designed to promote the home interests of such city, suburban village, and country residents as delight in flowers, fruits, shrubs, landscape and kitchen gardening, and those pleasant adornments and surroundings which render life enjoyable, whether in cottage, villa or mansion. It is edited by Mr. D. D. T. Moore, whose long experience and ability is the best assurance possible of the excellence of the work. Judging from the initial number, this publication is entitled to a leading place, if not *the* leading place, among its class. In regard to the manner of getting up, freshness value and variety of contents, profusion and beauty of illustrations, it surpasses any magazine of the kind yet issued in America for popular circulation. It supplies a want that has long been seriously felt, and the price, fifteen cents per number, places it within the reach of all. A periodical more deserving and useful was never placed before the public.

We have received the first number of "The Industrial, News and Inventor's Guide," published monthly by the American Industrial Exhibit Company, at 253 Broadway, New York. Its purpose is made sufficiently clear by its title, and if the initial number be taken as a proof, it is well adapted to the class for whom it is intended. It will be devoted to notices of all new inventions, extracts from scientific journals, foreign and American, Lists of European and American Patents, Digests of Law Cases referring to Patents, formation of new companies, and all general information of interest to inventors and manufacturers. Valuable inventions will be properly illustrated, and every effort will be made to render it of practical value as a medium of publicity for inventors and manufacturers. General C. B. Norton, who occupied a highly responsible position at the Centennial, is the editor, and his name in connection with the enterprise, is a sufficient guarantee of its merit and importance.

News Notes.

Texas has twenty-three daily newspapers.

Evangelical work is forbidden in the Austrian Empire.

Potato bugs have already been found in Canada in large numbers.

On Sundays in Denver, Col., 10,000 persons may be seen on horseback.

The Empress Augusta of Germany is visiting Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle.

The system of compulsion in education is said to bost in London about $175,000 a year.

Miss Ida Brown, a Maine girl, has become professor in mathematics in Wellesley College.

The trial of the Rev. Mr. Talmage cost the churches in the Brooklyn Presbytery $1,800.

Mr. Scott Lord received, it is said, a fee of $100,000 for his services in the Vanderbilt will case.

Commissioner of Internal Revenue Raum has left Washington for Illinois, to be gone two weeks.

Sir Edward Thornton and family will pass the summer at Laurel Hill, on the banks of the Merrimack.

The Duke of Norfolk is a wealthy Catholic, and has a yearly revenue of nearly a million and a half dollars.

During the season just closed the Boston Sewing Circle has made 10,400 pieces of clothing for the poor of that city.

Henry James Jr., the author, was born in this city, and is now thirty-six. His father resides in Cambridge, Mass.

Lord Beaconsfield and the Duke of Northumberland are the only members of the English Cabinet much past middle life.

An up country society offers a reward for the arrest of the person who surreptitiously introduced a hornets' nest into the grab-bag.

Barry Sullivan, the English actor, prides himself on having played Hamlet more than two thousand eight hundred times in all quarters of the glove.

Miss Mary Hall, a sister of the late Ezra Hall, has been appointed by Judge Beardsley, a Commissioner of the Superior Court of Connecticut. The New Haven *Journal* says that this is the first appointment of a woman to an office of the kind in the State.

The locomotives on one of the principal French railways are provided with small clocks placed in the front at the bottom of the smoke stack. They are not affected by the vibration, and they tell the station-masters the exact time of the arrival of trains.

Little Miss Augusta Louise Margaret Russell, the daughter of the British Ambassador at Berlin, is a fortunate young lady. She has just been christened and had for godmother the Empress Augusta of Germany, who gave the little lass a magnificent set of diamonds.

On the 28th of April a so-called "King's Performance" took place at the Munich Opera House—i. e., his Majesty King Ludwig of Bavaria sat alone in the house to witness the performance. It is well known that the King never will go to the opera when other people are there. The piece was the Roi de Lahore.

Pamananie was conveyed, like a small Napoleon, to the island of Elba, in a ship of war; on arriving at the galleys at Porto Ferrajo, he was specially treated to cigars, wine, and dainty fare, then rowed ashore in the captain's gig with all the honors, and kept as a distinguished State prisoner until turned over to hard labor.

The abolition of the death penalty in Switzerland does not seem to have had satisfactory results, since the Federal Council has determined to submit the question of its repeal and the restoration of capital punishment to a popular ballot on the 18th of the next month. A bitter contest is being waged about it.

Keep the kidneys healthy and unobstructed with Hop Bitters and you need not fear sickness.

The Victoria Cross has been awarded to the late Lieutenants Melvill and Coghill, of the 24th Regiment, for their heroism in saving the colors of the regiment. There is a precedent for this posthumous honor in the case of Colonel Booth, of the 43d, who it was announced would have received the Bath had he survived the Maori war.

A small boy belonging to a Mrs. Stafford, who lives near Corydon, Ind., fell into a well recently. Mrs. Stafford placed her twelve year old daughter in the well bucket, lowered her into the well, out of which the girl fished up the child, and, pulling it into the bucket with her, both were drawn out by the mother. The child was but slightly hurt.

What an Intelligent Physician Says.

Dr. R. C. Strother, of Monroe, La., who has been a medical practitioner for over twenty-five years, in a letter to the undersigned, says: "I have heard of your 'Compound Oxygen Treatment' for some length of time in a casual, incidental way, but it is only within the last few months that I have had my attention particularly called to it in a way that has aroused my professional interest. I have watched its wonderful vitalizing power in two or three instances in which the patients were using the "Home Treatment." One of these patients was a sister, and her rapid improvement from a low condition of Nervous Debility and Muscular Prostration, resulting from severe acute disease, was almost miraculous. Your little work, 'THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT, ITS MODE OF ACTION AND RESULTS,' has fallen into my hands, and the therapeutical and pathological views therein inculcated being to a great extent in accord with what theory and experience have been impressing on me, I have read it with unusual care and interest. Indeed, I have read and re-read it with a great deal of pleasure. I am sure you have found a curative agent of incalculable remedial and vitalizing power, and adapted to a wide range of diseases." The above-named treatise is sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Fall River (Mass.) News relates the following as a fact: "Two men were conversing about the anticipated strike the other day, when one of them, a mule-spinner, remarked that he had been in twenty-six strikes during his lifetime. 'Well,' said the other, 'did you ever make anything by it?' 'Not once, was the reply: 'lost every time.'"

Some little girls were playing in a Covington, Ky., dooryard. Three boys on their way home from school stopped to tease the girls by poking sticks through the fence at them. Burton Hathaway, aged 14, ran between the quarreling children, drew a revolver, and killed one of the boys. A coroner's jury says that the deed was "murder in cold blood."

The Duke of Edinburgh has been convicted of Ritualism and unpatriotic conduct. When a thanksgiving service was held in the Russian chapel, in London, after the escape of the Czar from the assassin's revolver, the Duchess' husband kissed a holy picture. A Low Church organ calls upon the Archbishop of Canterbury to interdict so questionable a practice.

A diminished consumption of tobacco both in England and France has been noticed. M. Leroy Beaulieu thinks that the rising generation in France smoke less than their parents. It seems more likely, however, that the peasants, among whom the indulgence had been gradually extending, are retrenching in this direction, owing to deficient harvests and low prices.

A gentleman (W. C. Raleigh) who was a soldier in the Confederate army, has a silver badge, which he took from the coat of a dead Union soldier at the battle of Chancellorsville, and he will take pleasure in returning it to the friends of the soldier when fully satisfied of their identity. The badge is marked "A J Hammond, 3d Regiment, Excelsior Brigade."

Queen Victoria has left golden opinions behind her in Italy. She talked with ease and kindness to the poor washerwomen by the lake, and the olivewood workers in their shop; she stopped her carriage and talked to the peasant boys, who doffed their caps as she passed, and she took great delight in the lovely scenery about her. She has returned to England in vigorous health.

There are only twenty-three actual makers of pates de foi gras, the sales of which reach about $375,000 a year. The geese consume very large quantities of corn, and a little antimony is added to the grain to swell the liver. A good fat goose will, after this treatment, weigh 16 to 20 pounds, and have a liver weighing from 2 to 3 pounds. The taste for this delicacy steadily grows.

One of the Pittsburg bank robbers was so hotly pursued after getting from under the shadow of the Workingman's Bank that he plunged into the river. He held a revolver in his hand until he reached the river, and when he jumped placed the weapon between his teeth. He floated down a short distance and was saved from drowning by some men, who threw a line from the shore.

A Maine parson who announced from his pulpit that a circus was about to visit the town, and that if any of his flock should attend he would gladly give them a letter of dismission, was somewhat mollified in his wrath when a bright and bold little Sunday school scholar of eight presented himself at the close of the service with "Please, sir, will you give me the ticket to the circus that you promised?"

The government survey undr Colonel Meigs, it is said, has demolished the theory that the lower interior portion of Florida is a basin not above the sea level and only protected from inundation by a kind of sand levee on the coast. There is now no doubt of this interior portion having sufficient elevation for drainage and reclamation, and if thus treated it would furnish superior sugar lands.

Captain Lewis Gebhardt has just had built by a Boston shipwright a boat in which he proposes to sail around the globe. Captain Goldsmith is a Dane, who has followed the sea from boyhood. His boat, which is called the Uncle Sam, is a tiny craft, just eighteen feet and one half inch over all in length, and about six feet three inches beam, being about one foot shorter than the craft in which Captain Crapo of New Bedford, crossed the Atlantic. The Uncle Sam is rigged with an extra tall mast, and has extremely large sails for so small a vessel. Captain Goldsmith's wife will accompany him. The start will be made next month, the Uncle Sam hoping to pass through the Suez Canal about September, and to do the circumnavigation in about two years. Captain Goldsmith is forty years old, and his wife twenty-three.

Protect the System from Malaria.

It is possible to do this even in regions of country where miasma is most rife, and where the periodic fevers which it causes assume the most formidable types. The immense popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is very largely attributable to the fact of its efficacy as a remedy for chills and fever, bilious remittents, and as a preventive of the various forms of malarial disease. In those portions of the West and South where complaints of this nature prevail and in the Tropics, it is particularly esteemed for the protective influence which it exerts; and it has been very widely adopted as a substitute for the dangerous and comparatively ineffective alkaloid, sulphate of quinine. Physicians have not been among the last to concede its merits, and the emphatic professional indorsements which it has received have added to the reputation it has obtained at home and abroad.

Doctor's Bills

Saved by using M'Clelland's Homeopathic Remedies. They are prepared expressly for Families. Put up in neat one dollar cases and contains twelve (12) of the most prominent medicines with description of disease and full directions for use. We want an agent in every town and county to sell our remedies. Sample case with terms to agents sent, charges paid, for one dollar. Address MCCLELLAND & CO.,
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DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

Healing by Surface Remedies.

The true way to cure by absorption is through the bath. Many learned men have sought for a perfect lotion and utterly failed after years of study. A brief mention of the discovery of a chemically combined "lotion" will convey to readers some idea of the theory and practice of cure by absorption. A preparation was discovered by a physician who for years suffered with inflammatory rheumatism, and who conceived the idea that the cure must be made through the pores. To prepare the pores for action, by cleansing, was first to be accomplished. Second, healing and strengthening ingredients, to be discovered. Thirdly, to combine the whole so that the action should be immediate. After a careful study of different chemical preparations from the production of nature, and with the assistance of one of the first chemists in the country, a "lotion" was prepared and used in baths of warm water, resulting in a perfect and permanent cure. Each ingredient of which their "lotion" is composed, is used in daily practice by physicians of all schools.

In combination this lotion is known to the public as "Sapanule," and the experience of years proves its great value, whether it be in cases of acute inflammation, or in those more subtle, like chronic complaints. Thousands who daily use it pronounce it marvellous, so quickly does it allay pain and restore health and vigor, so different from deluging the stomach with drugs.

The great virtue of "Sapanule" is not confined to the immediate relief of pain in any part of the living organism, but is efficacious in curing all diseases of the skin, eruptive or otherwise. The great usefulness and the luxury of Oriental baths has been fully established. The time and expense necessary to enjoy these, places them beyond the reach of many. A bottle of "Sapanule" can be used for a number of baths, and will be found as agreeable and efficacious as those given with such elaborate appliances, and is within the reach of all.

Those who suffer from pain or soreness of feet, whether caused by bunions, chilblains, corns, or inflammatory troubles can be at once relieved and permanently cured by using "Sapanule" in foot baths.

No preparation ever offered to the public for all diseases and accidents to which the living organism is liable, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, headache, wounds, bruises, sprains, burns or scalds, piles, boils, sores, salt rheum, erysipelas, roughness of skin, cold sores, etc., is so sure to effect a quick and permanent cure.

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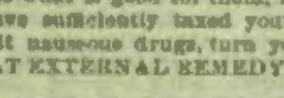

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IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
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FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

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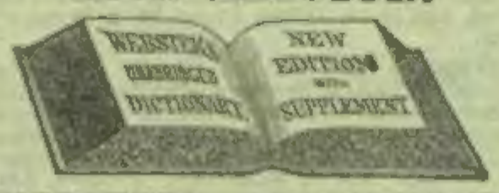

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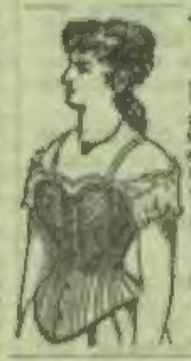

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LIGHTS AND SHADES.

BY MRS HEMANS.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not *all* gloom,
The saddest hour is not *all* sadness;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair,
Nor life nor death the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of care
Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

AFFECTION IN BIRD-LIFE.

ANY one who will watch carefully may soon perceive that not only pigeons in in the yard, sparrows on the roof, crows in the wood, and many other birds, always live together in inseparable pairs; but also that swallows and various other small birds, when, in the autumn, they fly about in great swarms previous to migrating, always keep together affectionately in pairs. Starlings, crows, and various others, collect together in the evenings in large numbers on bushes and high trees for a night's rest; but in the morning the company resolves itself into pairs, and during the entire time of flight these pairs remain together. Several species are the exceptions to this rule, inasmuch as the two sexes form into separate companies to prosecute their migratory flight; this is the case with most of our summer warblers. The males start, and also probably return, some days earlier than the females; but whenever the two sexes have returned, they mate, and the pairs then formed are supposed to be of the same individuals as in previous years.

The fidelity and affectionate intimacy of married bird-life appears most conspicuously in pairs of the Grosbeak family and in small parrots. Here is perfect harmony of will and deed. The two sweethearts appear unwilling to leave one another's company for a moment all their life; they do everything together—eating and drinking, bathing and dressing of feathers, sleeping and waking. Various degrees of affection and harmony are discernible on close observation. Among the small grosbeaks, pairs of which sit together, the intimate relation is never disturbed; even over the feeding-cup there is no quarrelling. They stand highest in this respect among birds. Love-tokens are exchanged by pressing of beaks together—a veritable kissing, accompanied with loving gestures. They are also more sociable, and even at nesting-time more peaceable, than other birds. In the case of other grosbeaks, when the male bird sits by the female in the nest, there are various demonstrations of affection, but also slight occasional disputes, especially about feeding time. Next in order come the small parrots, which also appear almost inseparable. The male bird feeds his companion with seeds from the crop. This goes on quite regularly during the hatching, and until the young are somewhat grown. During all this time the hen-bird, which broods alone, never leaves the nest but for a few minutes, and the cock shows such affectionate care, that the whole day he seems to do nothing but take food and give it again. Yet even this loving union is marred from time to time, even during the hatching-time, with quarrels that even come to blows. Again, the male bird of a pair of chaffinches only occasionally sits on the eggs or young, but he watches the nest very carefully, singing to his mate the while, accompanies the hen in flight, and helps her in feeding the young.

The marriage unions of parrots present great differences. The long-tailed Australian parrots, beautiful in plumage, but mentally inferior, are not nearly so affectionate towards each other as the little short-tailed species. M. Russ, a careful observer, tells us that the male bird of the Australian Nymph Cockatoo generally remains by night with the female, and during the day sits much more than she does. Such parental care is rare. Many parrots, especially large species, are by no means peaceable in their sexual relations, and appear somewhat affectionate only at the time of nidification. Large parrots are commonly very excited at brooding-time, and ferocious towards other animals, and even men. All parrots show affection by giving food out of the crop.

A quite peculiar wedlock is observable in some of the finches and other birds. "In my aviary," says M. Russ, "I had a pair of saffron finches, at whose behavior I was for some time quite astonished. The cock and the hen hunted and persecuted each other savagely for days and weeks together; it was not as in the case of some other birds, mere sport and teasing, but a bitter strife; the end of which was that the male bird, which appeared to have the worst of it, made his escape altogether and never returned. Yet these two birds nestled, and actually reared four young, though I could not perceive whether their hatred was laid aside, or at least abated, during the hatching." Similar phenomena, though not so pronounced, occur amongst finches, parrots, birds of prey, &c.

We have already said that the grosbeaks express affection for one another. The male frequently also performs a dance before the object of his regard; he hops about in a droll courtesying manner, with outspread tail and nodding head, warbling at the same time a melodious ditty. The larger grosbeaks give forth peculiar sounds accompanied with a hopping movement. These love dances are frequently to be noticed in other bird-life.

The strong pugnacity developed among birds at the time of hatching is remarkable. Even the little gentle grosbeak will endeavor, by violent pecking, to drive away males of the same, or closely related species, from the neighborhood of his loved one. The larger finches are often roused by the same zeal to a blind fury, which, in the case of the chaffinch, is frequently taken advantage of by bird-catchers. The fights observed in nature between birds, have most generally for their cause the emotion of love.

We come to another expression of affection in bird-life—namely, song. It is to a great extent of a purely emulative character, and not seldom is the contention so strong and persistent, that one of the two rivals, through over-exertion, falls lifeless to the ground. One may observe such rivalry in spring, in the woods and fields, between two neighboring male finches, and various other birds.

But the singing of birds has, of course, also another aspect—it is the most potent means of wooing. And this is true not only as regards the sweet plaint of the nightingale, the melodious warbling of the finch, but also of the hoarse croaking of the crows, the ear-splitting screech of the jay, the murmur of the pigeons, and the like—doubtless the most bewitching tones they are able to produce. "Hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings;" so says Shakspeare. And for what does the lark ascend and trill his cheerful lay in mid-air, but to sing to a spirit of kindness to his mate nestling on the ground within hearing of his notes. It can hardly be doubted that the response awakened in the heart of female birds in these circumstances is quite as genuinely tender as the notes addressed to them. The very birds of the air might teach a lesson to man—to the wretches who, in the bosom of civilization, kick wives to death, and leave their children to die under the accumulated miseries of want and desolation!

Grains of Gold.

'Tis a rule of manners to avoid exaggeration.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

Did you ever benefit yourself by losing your temper?

It requires an abler man to take advice than to give it.

Keep clear of a man who does not value his own character.

A note requires as prompt an answer as a spoken question.

Regrets in reply to invitations should contain the reason therefor.

The men who succeed without the aid of education are the exceptions.

Never answer questions in general company that have been put to others.

Do not do before others anything which would be called guilty by thy father.

Patience is a virtue which some people think everyone needs but themselves.

Divine vengeance comes with feet of lead, but strikes with the hand of iron.

Between the gabble of a fool and the tattle of a man there is but a slight difference.

Bodily enjoyment depends upon good health, and health depends upon temperance.

Knowledge will always predominate over ignorance, as man governs the other animals.

If evil be said of thee, and it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, merely laugh at it.

When selfishness is on foot its first effort is to make you doubt the character of your friend.

The human heart, like a well, if entirely closed in from the world, is sure to generate an air of death.

Slander soaks into the mind as water into low and marshy places, where it becomes stagnant and offensive.

It takes one less time to get over one's own misfortune than to be reconciled to a neighbor's good fortune.

Strange as it may seem to you, mankind had rather see you fail than succeed, because they had rather pity than admire.

Money can make a man notorious, but cannot make him respectable; but one half of the people do not know the difference.

The devil ought to have his due. He is a good paymaster. He never forgets a debt, and never pays in money which is at a discount.

There are people with whom penitence stands for repentance—people with whom wearing mourning dispenses with feeling sorrow.

Truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks and mummeries of the world half so stately and daintily as candle light.

"A man," said one of the fathers, "should be prepared for death the day before; but as he does not know when that day is, he should always be prepared."

Don't follow subterfuge. Be fair, square-dealing, candid and honest. You will find these your largest capital in trade, and the only basis of enduring fame and prosperity.

Many people who boast of being "plain" and "blunt" are merely coarse and boorish. Such persons are constantly inflicting wounds which neither time nor medicine can ever heal.

We love peace as we abhor pusillanimity; but not peace at any price. There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living man than war is destructive of his mental body.

The difference between gossip and truth is that no one will ever stop to question your veracity when you are indulging in the first, but he wants your oath when you are speaking solemn facts.

That theatrical kind of virtue, which requires publicity for its stage, and an applauding people for its audience, could not be depended on in the secrecy of solitude, or the retirement of a desert.

Had I a careful and pleasant companion that should show me my angry face in a glass, I should not at all take it ill; to behold man's self so unnaturally disguised and dishonored, will conduce not a little to the impeachment of anger.

To make children true, earnest men and women, to develop the unselfish qualities of their natures—the true province of the family—the parents must not seem to have, but possess in reality, all the virtues desirable in the children.

Don't think you can lounge your time away and be of any service to the world you live in. Only the working man improves the world he lives in. Idleness is the condition of the savage who is born, lives, dies and leaves the world just as he found it.

We are ruined not by what we really want, but what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.

Knowledge of the world must be combined with study, for this as well as better reasons: the possession of learning is always invidious, and it requires considerable tact to inform, without a display of superiority, and to ensure esteem, as well as call forth admiration.

Begin the education of the heart not with the cultivation of noble propensities, but with the cutting away of those that are evil. When once the noxious herbs are withered and rooted out, then the more noble plants, strong in themselves, will shoot upwards. The virtuous heart, like the body, becomes strong and healthy more by labor than nourishment.

Feminimities.

It is better to hang around a sensible girl than a street corner.

Military men are popular with the ladies. They like an offer sir.

A woman in Vermont sold her little girl, two years old, for $25. The babe had the best of it.

Mrs. Yeast wants to know if artists don't get the painter's colic when they get paint on their palettes.

"Oh, yes, I have made faces my study. Do you paint, Miss Brown?" "Sir!" "I mean do you paint pictures?"

Washington has gone wild over angel cake, for which Mrs. Hayes used to send to St. Louis before the Washington cooks had the recipe.

Jenny June, speaking of the girl of the period, says: "She has nothing else to do, poor girl, but dress. It takes two-thirds of her time."

The Princess of Wales is the innocent cause of turning the heads of half the women in society. She invented the little silk handkerchief turban now so fashionable.

Don't believe everything the women tell you. They like to say nice things—half of which they don't mean. It is a sort of privilege they claim and enjoy.

Mamma—"Well, Freddy, what hymn did you have at church this morning?" Miss Russell (prompting)—"Sun of My Soul." Freddy (promptly)—"Sun of Miss Russell's soul."

If the girls don't quit wearing these abominably wide belts, squeezing will become one of the lost arts. No man of delicate feeling likes to embrace a leather trunk, even if there is a girl inside of it.

Nine out of ten groups of young ladies one overhears talking on the street or elsewhere will be found to use the pronouns "he," "his," or "him," just two hundred and fifty times oftener than any other word.

Very dressy shoes are of white satin, with lace drawn tightly over the satin. These are worn with bridal costumes. Slippers still have many straps on the instep, some having small bows with a pug dog's head on each bow.

Peter the Great once said: 'God established wedlock for happiness, for mutual support, and for consolation in the vicissitudes of life, and, as wretched marriages do not sustain God's purpose in matrimony, it is proper, in such cases, to grant divorce."

A pretty girl out West told her beau that she was a mind reader. "You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Can you read what's in my mind?" "Yes," said she; "you have it in mind to ask me to be your wife, but you are just a little scared at the idea." Their wedding cards are out.

There has been a virulent case of mother-in-law in Paris. The old lady not only confessed that she had scraped a bundle of matchends into the husband's soup while the wife was out of the room, but expressed regret that the poison was not strong enough to kill the man, and said she would do better next time.

A married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and retrieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that, although all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is a little world of love at home over which he is a monarch.

The ladies of Sherman, Texas, sometimes indulge in the sports of the chase, and the other day a bevy of them were out with attendant gentlemen. They had a number of exciting races after jack rabbits, and three or four of the fair ones were precipitated from their flying steeds, and, though not seriously injured, had to be taken home in a farmer's wagon.

Shakspeare has no heroes—he has only heroines. There is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose. Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virginia, are all faultless, and conceived in the highest type of humanity.

A nervous woman should not be made the victim of a practical joke. A few weeks ago an Englishwoman living in Birmingham received a letter for which she had to pay ten pence, and when she opened it she found a blank sheet of paper and a farthing. The trick made her melancholy and morbid, her mind lost its balance, and she put an end to her existence by cutting her throat with a razor.

George Eliot says that girls are "delicate vessels." They are not so delicate as their pallor often implies. Did George never hear of a girl walking 3 000 quarter miles in 3 000 quarter hours? It is the girl who dances until 2 A. M., and who sits at the piano two hours in the afternoon and sings, "Mother Dear is Growing Old," while her maternal parent is frying slapjacks for supper, who is a "delicate vessel."

A Miss Redmond, of New York, inserted a matrimonial advertisement in the columns of a daily paper, and got into an amatory correspondence with a Georgia farmer, who finally bade her come on from New York and be his bride. Taking her mother and brother along, the fair damsel hastened to the man she had found, only to discover on reaching her destination that he was a broken-down gray-beard, living in a log cabin, and too poor to buy his salt.

We often wondered why girls married. A Camden young lady, dilating on the subject, says: "Well, no, I don't know as I'd marry for money alone, but if a man had plenty of money allied to a sweet disposition, a moustache that curled at both ends, and he wanted to marry me, and promised to let me have my own way in everything, would give me two diamond rings, would pay my milliner's and dress-maker's bills without grumbling, and I loved him—I wouldn't consider his money any drawback to the match."

A young girl of Kentucky, named Johnson, who is addicted to reading novels, dressed herself in boys' clothes, and armed with two pistols and a dagger took the packet for Evansville, Ind., intending to lead a life that would be a terror to the foe. On the boat some deck hands were moving freight, when a big rat ran out in the direction of our heroine. She jumped on a bale of cotton and screamed. They carried her to the ladies' cabin, where she remained during the round trip, and she has now promised her parents to do her share in the kitchen and keep her end up at the sewing machine.

Hardine.

"Staple" articles.—Padlocks.

Well-wishers.—Thirsty travellers.

Can a hundred mile walk be called the lapse of a century?

A speedy method to stop your credit is to let your account run.

How to get up a spring meeting—put two fat men in a light buggy.

Young men are mapping out short routes around the ice cream saloons.

Most young men prefer to pull down their vest with a big watch chain and a half pound monogram locket.

A copy of Walker's Dictionary was purchased last week under the impression that it was a work on pedestrianism.

"If ye plase, sir, I'm a timperance man but if ye have any soda water the strength and quality of whisky I'll trouble ye for a little."

Jefferson said: "We seldom repent of having eaten too little." He never went out to fish all day without taking breakfast before starting.

"What a delightful fellow Edward is—so jolly—his pocket-book always open." "N—Yes; to any one that wants to put anything into it."

The whiskey in Leadville is so weak and so expensive that it costs several thousand dollars to get drunk enough to give you the headache the next morning.

The mosquito has arrived, and from the way in which he takes hold it is evident that he has taken advantage of the lull in business during the last six months to equip himself with the latest improvements in boring apparatus.

If you think no one cares for you in this cold world, just tell your neighbors that you propose to keep bees. You will be surprised to see what an immediate interest they will manifest in you.

All of Edison's children go to bed with electric lamps and have to say their prayers in the phonograph. Then in the morning Mrs. Edison investigates and finds out if they were all up to the mark.

Between the ages of twenty-five and thirty years most people become insane. They become merely foolish between fifteen and twenty-five, and write Spring poetry, letters and such nonsense.

"His acts made him immortal, and he lives more than ever," were the words of a minister at a funeral; but the compositor put it in this fashion, "His acts made him immortal, and he lies worse than ever."

"Can dogs find their way home from a long distance?" asks an exchange. It's according to the dog. If it's one you want to get rid of, he can find his way back home from California. If it's a good one, he's apt to get lost if he goes round the corner.

Butcher: "Come, John, be lively now: break the bones in Mr. Williamson's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him." John (briskly): "All right, sir, just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

He entered the grocery, said not a word but allowed his cane to swing to and fro exactly like the pendulum of a clock. The grocer only said, "No; we sell nothing on tick!" and the man with the cane passed sadly and silently out.

"I say, Sambo, were you ever intoxicated?" "No, Julius, neber; was you?" "Well, I was, Sambo." "Didn't it make you feel good Julius?" "Yah! But, golly, next morning I thought my head was a wood-shed, and all de niggers in Christendom was splitting wood in it!"

"What will you take for twenty nights at San Francisco?" was the brief telegraphic query which some speculators despatched to Artemus Ward, when the celebrated humorist was in the height of his popularity as a lecturer. "Brandy and water," was the prompt response.

An attorney not celebrated for his probity was robbed one night on his way from Wicklow to Dublin. His father, meeting Baron O'Grady the next day, said, "My lord, have you heard of my son's robbery?" "No, indeed," replied the Baron, with a good deal of surprise. "Pray whom did he rob?"

Monsieur Blank is very, very rich. He has only one relation in the world—Dr. Zed, who was recently asked: "How is your great uncle, Monsieur Blank?" "I am told he is very low." "I am told? And pray what is the meaning of that? Arn't you his physician?" "Oh! dear, no! The temptation is too great."

They tell a story about a man out West who had a hare lip, upon which he performed an operation himself by inserting a piece of chicken flesh. It adhered and filled up the place admirably. This was well enough until, in compliance with the fashion, he undertook to raise a moustache, when the one side grew hair and the other feathers.

Says Jones: "When I see Mrs. J. in the clothes-yard, both arms as red as a boiled lobster, bared to the elbow, and stretched high above her in her struggles with an unruly sheet, an apron over her head, her hair in her eyes and a clothes-pin protruding from her mouth, it seems impossible that she is one and the same with the Miss Stebbins I used to feed on peppermints and about whom I used to rave so."

Composition by a small boy:—"My sister Kate curls her hair with paper tied into it, and she looks funny until her beau comes, and then she jerks the papers out, primps before the looking-glass, and runs down stairs and says to the young man, "Xcuse my looks, my hair is tumbled up." My pa has got a pig, and he puts that pig's tail in a curling paper, and sister Katie she goes out to see him feed the pig, and says she, "Lor, pa, what do you put a paper on that tail for?" And says the loving parent, "Gal, I love that pig like it was my own darter, and the paper is put on the other way, for I've sworn to take the curl out of that pig's tail if I lose pork in doing it."

A Cold Seems a Small Affair.—Most people neglect it. Who minds it? Yet a Cold may turn to Consumption, and then follows almost certain death. Take a Cold in time then; that is, take Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, the well known standard remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Pulmonary Complaints, and your Cold will disappear, as well as all apprehension of danger.